A Life of Samuel Johnson

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# The AMERICAN SPECTATOR

*FORMERLY THE ALTERNATIVE: AN AMERICAN SPECTATOR*

***R. Emmett Tyrrell, Jr.*: The Flight of Kissinger**

***Roger Starr*: Lowering Rents, Razing Cities**

***John P. Sisk*: Gossip's Dirty Secret**

***Clare Boothe Luce*: Jimmy Carter's *Idealpolitik***

***Michael Novak*: The Fruits of Heterosexuality**

**Peregrine Worsthorne Reviews Nixon's Dreadnought**

*Vol. 11, No. 10 / October 1978 / One Dollar*

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# THE CONTINUING CRISIS

• Proof that Senator Barry Goldwater has not lost his old capacity to foozle verbally came on August 5 when the infamous 1964 Republican standard-bearer, while speaking in Chattanooga, Tennessee, referred to our President as "an idiot."

• Now this was a decidedly foolish and reckless statement, for anyone with any knowledge at all knows that an idiot is a mentally defective person with an intelligence quotient of less than 25. President Carter graduated from the Naval Academy, he is a former governor of the largest state east of the Mississippi River, and he is the devoted husband of Rosalynn Carter, known and reverenced throughout Washington as "the steel magnolia."

• Is it possible that there exists such a dupe in the Republic as would believe that President Carter—a speed-reader who plows through thousands, perhaps millions, of pages of meaningless documents a day while listening to a ceaseless concert of taped classics and smiling—is actually mentally equal or inferior to a child of two years? Does Senator Goldwater actually think he can attribute the lowest classification of mental deficiency—lower than imbecile or moron—to the man who has lured to public service such lights as Hamilton Jordan, Jody Powell, Jerry Rafshoon, the Rev. Andrew Young, Dr. Peter Bourne, Bert Lance, and Miss Midge Costanza, the spunky Rochester, New York, intellectual who gained such distinction for her sapient public statements and for sending Mr. Carter memos suggesting such large thoughts as that White House staff members be required every three months to make visits to the Lincoln or Jefferson Memorials?

• This last idea came to her after she had sought to "reenergize" herself during her own visitation to the Jefferson Memorial at 4 a.m. According to the authoritative *Washington Post* "Style" section, Miss Costanza, whose special responsibility for minorities earned her the unspoken title of White House Minister to the Kooks, remarked: "every time I came across 'man' or 'men' I changed it mentally. I said 'IT WAS PERSON, TOM. IT WAS PERSON! OKAY TOM. ISN'T IT IRONIC THAT IT TOOK A WOMAN TO BE REENERGIZED RIGHT HERE?' " More ironic still is the fact that but a few short weeks after this reenergizing orgy Miss Costanza resigned. Yet how much energy could she expect from the author of the Declaration of Independence and from the owner of one of the few indoor commodes of his time—how anal, eh Midge? As she herself had percipiently exclaimed to two astonished drunks on the night of her visit: "He was so brilliant. And yet he wasn't fully informed."

• Our President counsels with people of this inestimable quality often, and yet Senator Goldwater calls him an idiot. When Senator Goldwater put his foot in his mouth this time he sank it all the way down to his esophagus. Under our President's leadership the dollar has finally dropped to its lowest level ever against the Japanese yen. According to figures released in August, unemployment in July only rose from 5.7 percent to 6.2 percent, and the inflation rate for the first half of the year was held to only 10.4 percent. In Chile the inflation rate hovers at 67 percent! Our President is dedicated to eliminating the three-martini lunch, filthy or deceitful language, strong spirits at White House dinners. Moreover, as he notified North Carolina tobacco growers in August, he is determined "to make the smoking of tobacco even more safe than it is today." Our President's intelligence is twice, perhaps three times, that of an idiot. Nonetheless, he will miss the shrewd intelligence of Dr. Peter Bourne, his expert on drug abuse who on July 20 fell victim to our country's hysterical and hypocritical passion against the mentally ill. The passion had forced Dr. Bourne to issue a bogus drug prescription to hide the identity of an emotional wreck on his staff, an act of Christian charity for which he was hounded from office.

• On August 1, Mr. Hamilton Jordan, the President's likable factotum, was assaulted whilst at a Georgetown *soirée* by an unidentified guest wielding chocolate mousse, the expensive French dessert that, of late, has been all the rage with Mr. Carter's Georgia mafia. Upon being introduced to the delicacy the boys no longer were so distressed when Georgetown hostesses refused to serve them Moon Pies with Dr. Pepper. Yet now that they have seen what the Gallic potion can do to a double-knit leisure suit it will be the rare Carter aide who will get near one. As an unidentified presidential assistant remarked, "Ah'd sooner kiss a pig thun tech one of them thengs." On August 10, Mr. Didier Beytrison, a Swiss youth arrested last May when he tried to enter the White House and who was described by his mother as being "a fanatical follower" of our President, died instantly when he drove his motor scooter into a lamp post. The White House has sunk a quarter-inch in the last 30 years. And the Washington-to-Atlanta Southern Crescent with Amy Carter aboard killed a youth as it passed through High Point, North Carolina.

• On July 23, Miss Lillian had a 25-minute audience with Pope Paul VI, and three weeks later he died. New York Governor Hugh Carey, First Lady Rosalynn Carter, and, of course, Senator Edward Kennedy, America's ceremonial Catholic, journeyed to Rome for the August 12 burial of a pontiff who was especially beloved by the poor, the hungry, the sick, and the superrich. Those inclined to scoff at American education were given much to think about when the *Ladies' Home Journal* polled high-school students as to which man and which woman "have done the most damage in the world." The men's category went to Adolph Hitler, providing fresh evidence that Watergate is behind us; and the women's category went to Anita Bryant.

• Mr. Idi Amin Dada temporarily gave over the reins of government to his "senior wife," Medina, while he competed in an auto rally with his latest wife, Miss Sarah, who has been granted a special leave from her soldiering duties in Uganda's "Suicide Mechanized Regiment." The East German government again apprehended a man who repeatedly has climbed the Berlin Wall, going from West to East. In a peculiar public statement the East German government demanded that the man be put in an insane asylum. Two hundred residents of Rockland, Massachusetts, came to a furious boil when they discovered that a California-based restaurant chain intended to open what one Rocklander claimed would become a "time bomb," namely: a restaurant called "Sambo's." In yet another example of the sensitivity of the capitalist system, the chain has decided not to go ahead with the restaurant under its aforementioned designation but to rename the eatery, "The Jolly Tiger."

• Amid a pother of conflicting opinion, Lesley Brown of Bristol, England, gave birth to the world's first test-tube baby. The birth itself was astonishing enough, but a comment spotted roaming freely in the *New York Times* was even more amazing: "new issues could be raised if and when it becomes possible to implant a fertilized egg in a third party—the rich might hire the poor to bear their children for them, or 'buy' embryos from someone whose genetic material they covet." Fortunately on August 9 the *Times* went on strike. Mr. Domingo Osario, 22, who lost both arms in a subway accident eleven years ago, was arrested in New York for allegedly driving a getaway car. A would-be robber caused such hilarity when he entered an East Norwich, Long Island, Howard Johnson's with his undershirt pulled over his head, and his blubbery belly drooping floorward, that the 25 hee-hawing patrons and employees were unable to cooperate, and the clown vamoosed to a chorus of guffaws. And in Milwaukee, Wisconsin, Mr. Earl Kilgore, the robbery suspect shot and wounded by his intended victim, Mr. William Piotrowski, has filed suit against Mr. Piotrowski, claiming that he used unnecessary force to prevent the crime. The Rev. Jesse Jackson advanced the mysterious imprisonment of James Earl Ray as evidence of the legitimacy of Andrew Young's claim that there exists a host of political prisoners in America. The convicted murderer of Dr. Martin Luther King, Jr., then went on to Washington to rehash before the House Select Committee on Assassinations his tale of woe and innocence, a tale that in sheer preposterosity and mental infirmity seems to make conspiracy buffs believe in it all the more.

• In the middle of August one thousand or more Elvis Presley fans invaded Washington. There they petitioned their government to make a national holiday of the birthday of this remarkable *artiste*, who rose up from the musty swales of Tupelo, Mississippi, and gained enormous cultural distinction before dying suddenly and tragically as he sat alone, valiantly straining on a Tennessee toilet. In Chicago, Illinois, Mrs. Lillian Kopp, 69, became the first human to be interred in Paw Print Gardens, a pet cemetery owned by Miss Patricia Blosser, founder of the National Association of Pet Cemeteries. In Peculiar, Missouri, the police chief of that booming metropolis was arrested on charges of statutory rape and crime against nature; and in Hastings, Minnesota, Timothy Wilson was awarded $5,040 because city officials in nearby Egan failed to give Mr. Wilson's cat due process when they dispatched it with a shotgun blast after arresting it for loitering. Finally, those Carter administration officials who became so tumescent with hope wobbled when our President vetoed a military authorization bill. The figures Mr. Carter had used in justifying his heroic veto were not in the authorization bill and could only be found in a similar but disparate appropriations bill—a fact little noticed by our national press but confirmed to this great journal by Congressman Samuel Stratton (D., NY). Populism triumphs! —*RET*



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EDITORIAL

# Henry Kissinger: Metternich Flummoxed

*R. Emmett Tyrrell, Jr.*

Many believe that what the learned and immensely complicated Dr. Henry Kissinger really thinks of it all would make an engrossing tale. Surely he has seen many marvels: stormtroopers in old Fürth, crestfallen stormtroopers in Allied Occupied Germany; Harvard; the Council on Foreign Relations; and, in the fullness of time, the White House—in whose mess he fattened so prodigiously that he became a hazard to revolving doors and a challenge to Air Force One. Dr. Kissinger has seen all this and more: He has seen the doe-eyed Daniel Ellsberg whipped into a shameful anti-Communist frenzy, and he has had wet kisses planted on both his cheeks by Egypt's President Anwar el-Sadat. There were clandestine missions to Paris, Moscow, Peking, and to the Georgetown quarters of the inscrutable Miss Barbara Howar. All around the world he has passed *le sel et le poivre* to our era's greatest notables. Yet he was a scholar, one with a world view, and when he articulated that view, snatches of Wagner could be heard, occasionally even the *Missa Solemnis*. Surely behind today's drollery and politesse stands a man who could disclose some astounding truths! I doubt it.

The author of *A World Restored* and *The Necessity for Choice* knew something once, but once is not enough. One does not sweat and smile, turning one's whole life into a media event, and return with one's *Weltanschauung* intellectually in blossom. It is a melancholy but well-researched truth that modern America confers celebrity and power most frequently on poseurs, quacks, and halfwits. The biography of Dr. Kissinger is the chronicle of how Bismarck was made presentable to Shirley MacLaine and David Susskind, how Metternich was made comprehensible to Walter Cronkite, and how Castlereagh was transformed into a mercurial buffoon. In the end such acts grow tedious. Henry's Spenglerian-Hegelian whim-wham may make Georgetown debutantes weep, but grown-ups become restless.

Must public life as it is lived today stultify all who populate it? Obviously many of our national worthies are simply jackasses. They did not have to detune their cerebrums and take to amphetamines to render themselves acceptable to *People* magazine or to network television. Their fevered asininity was with them at birth. But Heinze Alfred Kissinger was different. Born with a brain and the good sense to use it, he, in his salad days, had held to sound ideas, however ploddingly expressed. He saw the Marxist conjurers for the cutthroat plunderers they were and always must be. He warned that they would keep the world in a pother, and that there are in life dilemmas invincibly resistant to the therapies of social science. He recognized the Soviets as a tribe of pathological liars, and the world's meliorists made him laugh. Dr. Kissinger found wisdom in history and philosophy, and throughout the 1950s and most of the 1960s he propounded sensible suggestions for scotching the Soviets' mischief. How many other public persons could claim as much? But Dr. Kissinger liked to eat.

From the day he graduated from Harvard Henry relished nothing so much as vichyssoise with the greats, and if the greats tended to drone on about palpable nonsense, so what? Henry could always concentrate on the Oysters Rockefeller or the Corton Charlemagne. It was to Henry's immense benefit that when he arrived in Washington prandial anthropology had already become a matter of vast consequence in our capital's political struggles. Upon leaving government eight years later he was fifty pounds too much for his shoes. Numerous chins overwhelmed the knot in his tie, and cardiologists all over the eastern seaboard were sending him their business cards. All Washington idolized him, and those who had worked for him were either keeping their mouths shut or filing law suits against him. His smiling presence had become as ubiquitous as Cubans in Africa, Soviet naval vessels in the Mediterranean Sea or the Indian Ocean, Red flags in Southeast Asia, and "Yankee-cough-up" diatribes at the UN. How did he accomplish all this? How had Henry become the most celebrated Secretary of State in modern times and the least effective? He understood the complexity of modern American public life.

Henry lied to practically everyone in our nation's capital and with a style transcending FDR at the height of his powers. Foreign dignitaries collected Kissingerian whoppers as proof of their country's geopolitical significance. Native Washingtonians took his dissemblings as manifestations of his debonaire brilliance. In a city devoted to deception Henry came to be its most warmly esteemed artist of flimflam. Washingtonians reverenced his charms, and it is suggestive of the complicated minds that flourish along the Potomac that many of them actually grew to trust him. One columnist wrote a sagacious appraisal of the man, advancing the difficult proposition that Henry was: a) one of the town's most notorious liars and b) a uniquely trusted world figure. How can such contradictory claptrap issue from a stalwart of America's illustrious fourth estate? Probably he is a genius: one of those giants of modern America who perceive uncommon wisdom, liberality, and farsightedness in that which less sophisticated observers dismiss as mere trumpery, plausible but hollow beyond measure.

Washington is a city abundant with such giants, and one can never come to appreciate the sad stultification of Henry without understanding their mores and folkways. Some of the giants, naturally enough, are pols and bureaucratic mullahs, but many are above the fray. Some are journalists, well-known to the American public thanks to the frequency with which they award each other TV appearances and prizes for journalistic daring. Others are lawyers, or super-lawyers as the muckrakers are given to calling them. These number into the hundreds, for there are more lawyers per square foot in Washington than in Allenwood, Pennsylvania, Danbury, Connecticut, or Lompoc, California. Still others are simple intellectuals, do-good lobbyists, militant heiresses, respected interior decorators, and people who seem to do nothing but attend Washington cocktail parties—a very solemn function indeed, as our embattled President has discovered. The Wonderboy and his down-home clods had hardly unloaded their mules at Union Station when the *Washington Post*'s learned Miss Sally Quinn delivered up a brisk treatise on the importance of the Washington cocktail party to American statecraft. It was but the first of many public-spirited attempts to inform the Wonderboy of the serious nature of high-ballpolitik. Yet the Baptist yokel is untutorable; his assistant presidents remain locked in the White House, available only for special appearances at stock-car races and cow-chip heaves. It has been estimated that for every cocktail party the administration has failed to attend one hundred thousand votes have been lost nationwide, along with choice pieces of legislation. The patriots at Sans Souci have thrown up their hands.

Washington's giants compose a kind of informal oligarchy duly overseeing power and celebrity throughout the city and defining the various formulae for acceptable style. Many are the kind of people given to describing themselves as compassionate, decent, and liberal, but that is not to imply that they are ideologues. Rather they are drawn together by a very modern sophistication, a worldly sensibility celebrating life and success and survival

(*continued on page 38*)



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*Peregrine Worsthorne*

# *The Nixon Memoirs: Some Points the Others Missed*

*A special book review essay of* RN: The Memoirs of Richard Nixon (*Grosset & Dunlap, $19.95*).

The first time I became fully aware of the existence of Richard M. Nixon was during the 1952 presidential election campaign, which I was covering for the London *Times*. It was the night of his famous, or notorious, Checkers speech, which I listened to on one of the campaign trains, in the company of a number of American journalists, including Walter Lippmann, who at that time was the reigning pundit with unrivalled dominion over the American conscience. Nixon had been accused of receiving improper campaign funds and ended his defense with the tearful admission that he did receive one gift after the nomination—"a cocker spaniel dog, Checkers, and whatever they say we are going to keep her."

Being young and inexperienced I naturally wanted to know what the great pundit had thought of the performance. Did he think that it would get Nixon off the hook, etc.? I remember Lippmann's reply very well, since it landed me in a lot of journalistic trouble. "That man," Lippmann pronounced, "has no future in American politics. Even Eisenhower will refuse to swallow so much half-baked corn." Thankful to have the word from on high, I duly filed my dispatch informing British readers that it seemed almost certain that Richard Nixon would be dropped as vice-presidential candidate.

Needless to say, my prediction proved disastrously wrong. The speech was a resounding success, and my London editors could not understand how I had come to make such a foolish error of judgment. Although this was temporarily embarrassing, the experience taught me a useful lesson: never again to be talked into underestimating Richard M. Nixon by the East Coast establishment. When it came to politics he clearly knew more than they did. From that day forward I have always looked on the man with some respect, and on his critics with some suspicion, on the principle of once caught, twice shy. So when I read the almost universally dismissive and contemptuous American reviews of *RN*, written by the successors of Walter Lippmann, I vowed to take their criticisms with a pinch—even a bucketful—of salty skepticism.

And how right I was to do so, since the memoirs turn out to be deeply impressive. In the first place, they are surprisingly well written in a spare, lean prose which gallops along at a spanking pace, relatively unhandicapped by cliché or platitude. This is not, alas, to say that such familiar blemishes are entirely absent; only that they are much less frequent than in the copy of many distinguished American journalists, and the editors of the *Washington Post* and the *New York Times* would be well-advised to instruct their staffs to take a leaf out of this splendidly readable book. But in the second place, they are also remarkably persuasive. As apologias go, this book could hardly go further; for it does explain Watergate and much else besides. Explain, but not explain away, since there is no attempt to deny guilt for the cover-up. There is a disarming frankness about this book that is very rare in the memoirs of a public man. Finally, and most important of all, there is a dimension of true drama and real tragedy which raises it to the realm of literature.

This is a judgment on the book, not on the man or the President. As a man or a President, Nixon may deserve all the condemnation that he has received. But as an author he deserves much more praise than has yet come his way. My guess is that posterity will come to acclaim this work as a political classic. For it succeeds in giving a picture of political life that has the ring of reality. Being already disgraced, the author does not need to romanticize the past. Indeed, this particular author has a need to do the opposite, since only by exposing the depth can he pinpoint his own level, which is not nearly so low as people suppose.

Because he knows that there is no point in posing as a noble statesman, the emphasis has to be on demonstrating that he was no worse than others. Thus one gets a degree of honesty unique in books of this kind. Most statesmen are anxious to show themselves as angels. Mr. Nixon is compelled to be content to show that he was not the Devil Incarnate. In other words, having recognized that no amount of whitewash could possibly cover up his sins, Mr. Nixon has had to rely for his defense on a brutal exposure of public life in the raw. The resulting picture is not pretty. But compared to the chocolate-box sentimentality of most political memoirs, it has all the authentic vitality of a genuine masterpiece.

Who else but Nixon, for example, would coolly write as follows:

> The next morning [April 30, 1954] I met with Eisenhower and General Robert Cutler, his Special Assistant for National Security Affairs. Cutler reported that the NSC planning board had been discussing the possibility of telling our allies that if we went into Indochina, we might use the atom bomb. Eisenhower asked me what I thought of this idea; I said that whatever was decided about using the bomb, I did not think it necessary to mention it to our allies before we got them to agree on united action.... Eisenhower turned to Cutler and said, "First, I certainly do not think that the atom bomb can be used by the United States unilaterally, and second, I agree with Dick that we do not have to mention it to anybody before we get some agreement on united action."

Mr. Nixon does not pause in his narrative to comment on this passage, which is just part of a general account of his vice-presidential activities. Here we see President Eisenhower and his Vice-President calmly considering the possibility of using atom bombs to relieve the beleaguered French army at Dien Bien Phu. Because

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Churchill, who was then British PM, had already made clear that he would have no part in lending the French even conventional support, it had to be assumed that he would be even more hostile to the use of nuclear weapons. So Nixon, in effect, was proposing to con London by a gross deception.

What strikes the reader about this exchange is its extraordinary insouciance. The tone is conversational, as if the subject being discussed were whether or not to do something fairly routine. "I agree with Dick," says Eisenhower. How informal can you get? Now this is not how most of us imagine statesmen talking about matters of nuclear peace and war. Because the consequences could be so horrendous, we like to suppose that such decisions are taken by supermen talking in some different kind of language than that used by ordinary mortals.

It is the measure of Mr. Nixon's book, however, that he is constantly bringing us down to *terra firma*, rubbing our noses in the earthiness of statecraft. Years later, when as President he in turn has to decide whether or not to resume the Vietnam bombing, he admits to having discussed the question with, of all people, Charles Colson, one of his junior aides who knew nothing at all about foreign affairs. Unlike most statesmen in retirement, who choose to put the gloss of high seriousness on their actions, Mr. Nixon is not ashamed to write about these matters indecorously. There is the occasion in 1966, for example, when he was consulted about Vietnam by President Johnson, who received him in bed. "I had not been in the room long when the door opened and Mrs. Johnson walked in, wearing a dressing gown. She greeted me warmly, got into bed beside her husband, and joined us for the remainder of our conversation." Or again, there is the little vignette about President Kennedy, who had summoned Nixon, then a private citizen, for a talk about the Bay of Pigs fiasco. "His anger and frustration poured out in a profane barrage. Over and over he cursed everyone who had advised him: the CIA, the Chairman of the Joint Chiefs of Staff, members of his White House staff. 'I was assured by every son of a bitch I checked with...that the plan would succeed,' he said."

Of course, one is aware of why Mr. Nixon bothers to pepper his pages with so many anecdotes about other Presidents, in which they are all revealed—Truman and Eisenhower as much as Kennedy and Johnson—as grossly flawed. He wants to show that he was not the first President to use profane language, to bug and harass his opponents, and so on. But that is precisely the point. Being a disgraced President, Mr. Nixon has a vested interest in exposing his predecessors, since *tu quoque* is his only means of defense. Although this may not make for very edifying reading, it does help to tear away the veils of reticence and hypocrisy which surround the memoirs of more "respectable" statesmen.

It could quite properly be argued that these veils and inhibitions are in the public interest, since no good will come from people knowing too much about what goes on in the corridors of power. Judged by this criterion, Mr. Nixon's memoirs must stand condemned as another offense against the conventional decencies. But as I said earlier, these remarks of mine have to do with the quality of the *book*. No one condemns Goya for painting war as it actually is, rather than as ignorant and sentimental people wish it to be. Not all art has to be uplifting. Nor is the great artist concerned only with the beautiful, since the truth very often is horribly ugly. There is an aspect of politics, and even more so of statecraft, which sends shudders up one's spine, and it is this aspect, which most statesmen prefer to ignore in public, that Mr. Nixon exposes with an artist's eye for detail.

Nowhere is this more apparent than in the various negotiations with the Soviet Union which receive much attention in these pages. Mr. Nixon makes no attempt to disguise the gladiatorial nature of these exchanges; the extent to which diplomacy is a game of poker. Iron nerves, ruthless determination, brinksmanship, guile—these are shown to be the secret of success. Because the Russians were frightened of Mr. Nixon, and knew him to be "real mean," they never dared to take risks at America's expense. Time and time again, we read of the bombers being ordered out over North Vietnam as a "sign" to Hanoi that the United States genuinely meant business. At one point Mr. Nixon even quotes from his diary, without any apparent awareness of the ghastliness of the phrase, that "the only chance of moving the Vietnam negotiations off *dead center* [my italics] is to renew the bombing."

For many readers, the way Mr. Nixon describes all this will seem odiously cold-blooded and Machiavellian. But did not those same readers feel safer, *vis-à-vis* the Russians, when dirty Dick was in the White House than they do now with the saintly Jimmy Carter? Mr. Nixon, of course, does not make this point in so many words. But his unashamed recounting of how successfully he played the *Realpolitik* game cannot fail to have been intended as an implicit indictment of the pious Jimmy Carter's total inability—not to say unwillingness—to do the same. And loath as one may be to admit it, the indictment is made to stick. For one does get the impression from this book that Mr. Nixon was in his element when dealing with the Russians, and even with the Chinese, and that this was not because of his virtues but because of his vices. If he had been less ruthless, less coarse-grained, more inhibited about the use of force, more straightforward, his statesmanship would not have been so effective. Its momentum came from a *lack* of moral purpose.

But was this very lack of moral purpose, so useful and even necessary in foreign affairs, his undoing at home, leading directly into the quagmire of Watergate? On this question I must confess a degree of bafflement. For in some respects Mr. Nixon emerges from these pages as a notably sympathetic character, very much in the American tradition. His account of his childhood and family background is almost a textbook example of everything which Americans are meant to admire. He came from a poor family, inheriting nothing except a family tradition of self-help and sturdy independence. Brought up in the worst years of the slump, he had more reason than most to look sympathetically to the Democratic Party since his family was in desperate need of state largesse. That he should have rejected the New Deal philosophy, in favor of the Republican Party, suggests an impressive adherence to principle rather than self-advantage. In many ways, then, he was far more suited to become an all-American hero than his lifelong rival John Kennedy, who was born in the purple, every inch the child of inherited privilege.

Even in the area of culture, Mr. Nixon has the edge over his rival. For whereas Mr. Kennedy only pretended to admire Casals, Mr. Nixon could actually play the piano. For example, he tells us how at one tense moment of his career he "went over to the grand piano in one corner of the suite and began playing Brahms' Rhapsody in G." At least his corn was genuine, unlike Kennedy's phony sophistication. Much else is genuine, too—the old-fashioned patriotism, the identification with "middle America," even the chip-on-the-shoulder resentment of the Eastern Establishment. Also very convincing, and even movingly so, is Mr. Nixon's account of himself as father and husband. As the photographs show, the Nixons really were an all-American family in a way the Kennedys never were. They were even religious, as Mr. Nixon is at pains unblushingly to remind us.

His Presidency, it seems, started like this:

> On our first Sunday in the White House we held the first worship service in the East Room. It was our idea to have these short inspirational services, each conducted by a distinguished preacher of a different faith and with choirs from different parts of the country. Each time we would invite between two and three hundred people—from Congressional leaders to White House policemen and telephone operators....There was a flurry of criticism about the worship services. Traditionalists said they were too watered down to be meaningful....But Pat and I consider the worship services to be the high point of our years in the White House....They set a national example of reverence.

Then again two hundred or so pages later we read: "This would be my last inaugural address, and I had decided to use it in order to impart a sense of the inspirational tone that I wanted to give my second term."



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Can the old rascal be pulling our leg? Does he really intend us to take these protestations seriously? Is it really possible, at the very moment that he was trying to cover up Watergate, that he thought his second term could have "an inspirational tone"? And when he wrote these passages, after his resignation, did it not occur to him how odd they would sound, in light of what we all now know about the real tone of both his administrations?

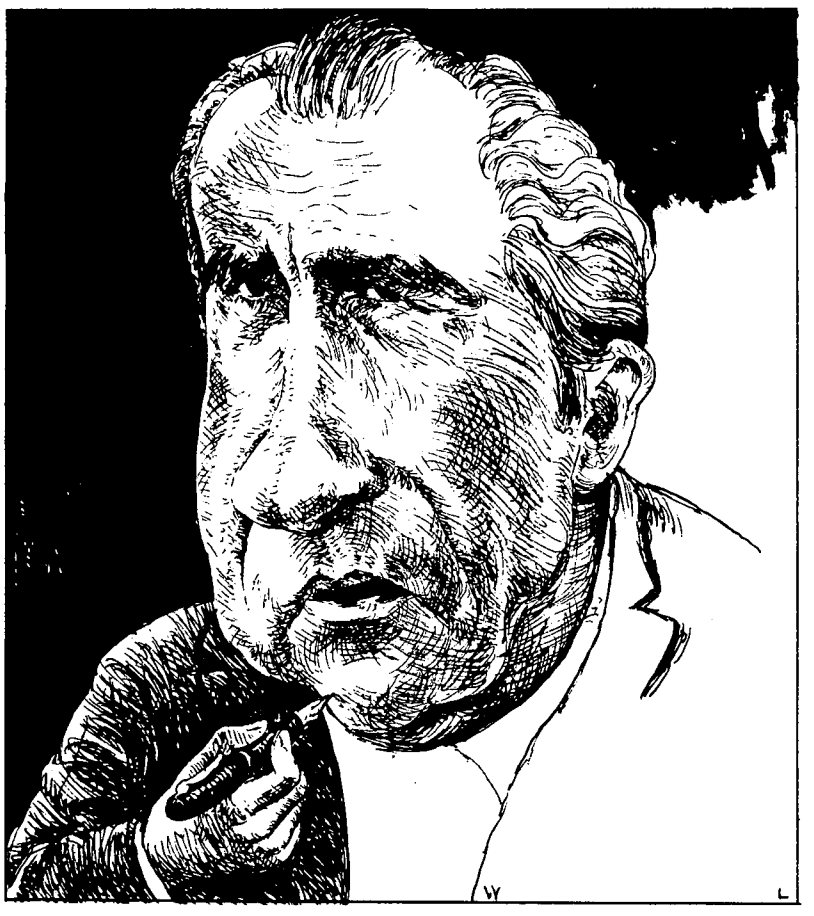
Obviously not. This is what is so extraordinary about these memoirs. Over and over again, he writes about episodes in his earlier life which set all sorts of bells ringing in the reader's mind. But not, it seems, in the author's. He tells us, for example, of a 1953 conversation he once had with Churchill, who told him that he was writing his memoirs. "Churchill pointed out that he had started them in 1946 and that he did it all by dictation. I asked him if he used a machine and he said no; that the Americans had given him one of the best machines but he preferred a pretty girl to talk to rather than a machine." The reader cannot possibly miss the irony. For how much better it would have been for Mr. Nixon if he, too, had used a pretty girl, instead of a tape-recording machine, which proved his downfall. Yet Mr. Nixon seems wholly unaware of the reader's inevitable reaction. The episode is recounted dead-pan, without comment.

Or again, he waxes very indignant about the Star Chamber methods of the Ervin Committee, inquiring into Watergate, which he rightly condemns as a travesty of justice, wholly regardless of the fact that earlier in the book he has taken great credit for the way he had exposed Alger Hiss by exactly the same methods. Ervin, he says, was a publicity seeker, using Watergate to further his own career. Quite so. But what does this make the young Richard Nixon, whose own career was also enormously advanced in an identical way? Even the simplest-minded reader cannot fail to make this connection. But it does not seem to occur to the author, who is totally unable to see himself as others see him.

But that failing, although fatal in a man, is by no means fatal in an autobiographer, since it means that he keeps on blurting out things which a more self-critical man would prefer to suppress. Like the following description of his reactions to the collapse of American morale as a result of the Vietnam agony: "My reading of history taught me that when all the leadership institutions of a nation become paralyzed by self-doubt and second thoughts, that nation cannot long survive unless those institutions are either reformed, replaced or circumvented. In my second term I was prepared to adopt whichever of these three methods—or whichever combination of them—was necessary."

If need be, that is to say, he was prepared "to circumvent" the very institutions which his oath of office had committed him to uphold. Here we have him condemned out of his own mouth. Which brings me finally to what most readers will turn to first: the Watergate business. To my mind the account given here makes it quite clear that Nixon did not know about the break-in in advance, but that he did take an active part in the cover-up. We see him sinking deeper and deeper into the mud, and the spectacle arouses more pity than disgust. Is he telling the truth? After reading this book, one is forced to conclude that the poor man does not really know the truth. He, too, is lost in a maze of prevarication from which there can never be any escape into the light, either for him or for anyone else. He cannot come clean, because the stain has spread into his own soul. Dame Rebecca West, in her review of the book in the *Sunday Telegraph*, describes it as showing, almost in diagram form, how "the cancer cells of tragedy develop." That it does, and what more can the reader ask?

In the halcyon years of Mr. Nixon's first administration, long before Watergate, he gave me an interview in the White House. Towards its end, aides kept coming in to say that the President was due to talk to the astronauts who had just splashed down on earth. This he brusquely refused to do, preferring to carry on talking to a visitor from London. But the next day, it was officially reported in the American newspapers that the President had failed to be on hand to greet the returning astronauts because, as the White House statement put it, "he preferred to observe so solemn an occasion in the privacy of his private apartments." It was, if you like, a small white lie, which amused me at the time. But I suppose that I should have realized then that a President who is prepared to lie so brazenly about small matters could not be trusted on the big issues either. As it was, however, I was only rather impressed by the cheek of the man. That impression still remains, even now. For although his memoirs are truly tragic, there is still a resilience about their author, a refusal to bow his head in shame, which borders on the heroic. So at least two cheers for the sensationally rich gaminess of Richard Nixon. He deserves no less. □





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*Clare Boothe Luce*

# *Carter's Foreign Policy—A New World for the Russians*

*Fear of flying the B-1 bomber...and of building missiles, launching ships, planning defense, and remaining loyal to allies.*

Walter Lippmann once called U.S. foreign policy the "Shield of the Republic." A sound foreign policy is the shield that protects a nation's vital interests abroad, its territorial integrity, its political independence, and the lives and fortunes of its people. *The primary goal of a sound foreign policy is the maintenance of the nation's security, by peaceful or diplomatic methods if possible, but by war if necessary.* This is what Washington meant when he said in his Farewell Address that our foreign policy should be such that "we may choose peace or war, as our interest, guided by justice, shall counsel."

A nation can make no worse mistake in foreign policy than to substitute the *ideal* of peace for the *idea* of security. The corollary of this goal invariably becomes unilateral disarmament. Central to idealistic, pacifistic, and, perhaps, democratic thought has always been the belief that armaments are the cause of war, and that a nation that rejects the concept of force and unilaterally disarms will produce a similar "peace-loving" response from its enemies. This has been the most costly illusion of the democracies in this century. The substitution of the ideal of peace for the idea of security led an unarmed Britain to Munich in 1938; Munich led to World War II in 1939. Two years later, a U.S. foreign policy which had also made peace its supreme goal led America unprepared to Pearl Harbor.

In the lawless world of sovereign nations, the threat of force lies behind all international relations. The triad of diplomacy is persuasion, negotiation, and compromise. But diplomacy can be successful only insofar as it is backed by the triad of adequate military force—air, sea, and land power—and above all by the nation's will to use force, when diplomacy fails, to maintain its security.

Since the end of World War II our interests and those of our allies, "guided by justice," have constantly counseled that we should contain, at every step, the expansion of Soviet imperialism, by peaceful or diplomatic means if possible, but by war if necessary. The policy of global containment was designed in 1947 to prevent this expansion. Backed by predominant U.S. military strength, and supported by the people, it stood the test of Communist aggression in Korea. It succeeded in Western Europe where it has maintained peace for the longest period Europe has ever known.

The policy of containment perished in the long, ill-conceived, and badly fought war in Vietnam. Dismayed by the magnitude of the task to contain Communist ideological and military expansion, the U.S. cut back its military commitments to the NATO bone, and in the name of a "higher morality" of peace, abandoned the Cold War struggle. And the ideal of peace, embodied in the policy of détente, once again became the supreme goal of U.S. foreign policy.

The melancholy results for American security of the past six years of détente have now become apparent. "A nation has security," Lippmann wrote, "when it does not have to sacrifice any of its vital interests in order to avoid war." Today the American people are beginning to realize that if the U.S. and its allies wish to avoid conflict with the USSR, or its surrogates, they must do so at the sacrifice of some of their vital interests. At the same time, many Americans fear that unless we do avoid war—war anywhere—we will risk nuclear annihilation.

Opinion polls would show that many Americans believe that any war fought in Asia or Africa would turn into "another Vietnam." Despite our superior equipment and overwhelming firepower, we would get "bogged down" in jungles or mountains or savannahs or deserts, and the wily guerrilla tactics of the natives would wear us out and eventually drive us to a humiliating withdrawal. If the natives were supported or provisioned by the Soviets, we "certainly" couldn't win, since the very attempt to win would lead to a "confrontation" with Moscow. And *that* could lead to a nuclear war.

Nor, it seems, could we any longer win a conventional war in Europe. The conventional forces of the Warsaw Pact now outnumber NATO forces three to one. The only way we could halt a Soviet blitz to the channel would be to employ tactical nuclear weapons. And that would "certainly" escalate into nuclear war.

We can't fight a war in the Middle East, even though Israel's survival should depend on it. War on the side of Israel would not only lead to the destruction of the oil fields, on which the economies of all the industrial democracies now rely, but the Soviets would "certainly" come in on the side of the Palestinians, Syrians, Libyans, and Egyptians. And that, too, would lead to nuclear war.

And, as everyone knows, "nobody can win a nuclear war."

So what should we do when we begin to perceive that our vital interests are everywhere threatened by the advance of the enemy, but when at the same time we are certain that any military effort to defend them would end in nuclear destruction? The first thing we should do is to recognize that we have come a long way down the road to Munich since Vietnam. Without public recognition that the "Shield of the Republic" is in desperate need of repair, America has little hope of avoiding World War III—or the alternative of acquiescence to Soviet hegemony. But what we have done instead is to deny to ourselves that our vital interests and our national security really are threatened by the growing might of the USSR and its slow but steady geopolitical advance; to cling desperately to our détente policy of trying to buy Soviet "friendship" with food, money, and technological goods; and to pretend to ourselves that our diplomatic concessions and military withdrawals, in any area of the world where we are faced with the slightest risk of "confrontation," are guided by "moderation," "restraint," and even (as in the case of Israel) by a wise concern for the "best interests" of our allies. What we also have done is to elect a President admirably equipped by temperament, inclination, and inexperience to help us make a virtue of our political, military, and moral impotence.

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Consider that major address on foreign policy which Mr. Carter delivered in June 1977, at Notre Dame. This speech epitomized all the intellectual ruses by which we have been concealing from ourselves—and hoping to conceal from the world—the spirit of appeasement and defeatism that now guides our East-West policy. "I believe in détente with the Soviet Union," the President said. "To me, it means progress towards peace." Furthermore, "We are now free of our inordinate fear of Communism." What has freed us of this "inordinate fear" is the "lesson" that the U.S., then the strongest military power in the world, learned from the licking it took in Vietnam at the hands of the Communists. This "lesson," it seems, is that it is stupid and wicked for America to try to halt Communist military aggression with military means.

Said the President, "We fought fire with fire, never thinking that fire is better quenched with water. This approach failed, South Vietnam the best example of its intellectual and moral poverty." And what is this miraculous "water" that will now quench the fires of Communist military aggression? Why, the water of *words*, specifically, a flood of pietistic presidential rhetoric. While the President fully understood "the limits of moral suasion, it is a mistake to undervalue the power of words....In the life of the human spirit, words are actions...."

"We live in a new world," the President said. This presumably is the post-Vietnam world in which all right-thinking nations have come to realize that armed resistance to armed aggression is not only futile, but immoral. The principle that had once guided our foreign policy was "a belief that Soviet expansion was almost inevitable, and must be contained," but in the "new world" right is stronger than might, and so this principle is no longer valid. Words being actions, the President had acted—he had "reaffirmed America's commitment to human rights as a fundamental tenet of our foreign policy." And already his human-rights policy had begun to turn the evil tide of totalitarianism: "We can already see dramatic world-wide advances in the protection of the individual from the arbitrary power of the state....The spirit of confidence [in the democratic system] is spreading." Obviously, this "new world... calls for a new foreign policy—a policy based on the consistent decency of its values, and an optimism in its historical vision." And what is that "historical vision"? The nearest the President came to defining it was to say that America's "historical role" is "to serve mankind." The address was, essentially, a peace-in-our-time rationalization of the long American Munich that began in Vietnam. It was everything that a people subconsciously ashamed and afraid to stay on the road to Munich—but consciously more afraid to get off—wanted to hear.

A year has passed since Mr. Carter unveiled his new-world, born-again foreign policy. But alack for Mr. Carter—and alas for America—the Communists have shown no willingness to be baptized in the salvific waters of Carterian rhetoric. The Soviet military build-up, in all weapon categories, including nuclear, has proceeded at the same furious pace as before the "new world" of democratic-totalitarian cooperation was created by presidential fiat. Soviet SALT negotiators have proved tougher than ever in their demands that the U.S. strip itself of its newest military "equalizers"—the cruise missile and neutron bomb. And, to the dismay of all except the congenital isolationists and spaced-out doves, like George McGovern, and the Black Africa-Firsters, like Andrew Young, the Soviets together with some 40,000 Cubans are off once again lighting new fires in Africa.

And indeed, what is to prevent them? Mr. Carter has gone on record that it is intellectually and morally reprehensible to "fight fire with fire" in far-off places with strange-sounding names. So for the Soviets and Cubans the military risks of expansion in Africa are negligible, while the material gains in controlling countries with valuable raw materials and the strategic advantages in securing coastal bases on the oil-shipment routes of the West are enormous. The long-term gains of expansion in Africa were long ago pointed out by Lenin. "Who controls Africa," the Father of the USSR said, "controls Europe." The political and military vacuum that has existed on that vast, rich, disorganized continent since the end of European colonialism is not going to be filled by Washington hot air about human rights and majority rule. Dynamic Soviet imperialism has begun to fill it.

In the Middle East, no amount of shuttle diplomacy or Arab and Israeli state visits to Washington can any longer conceal the inability of the U.S. to produce an Arab-Israeli peace treaty acceptable to both sides. Mr. Carter's capacity to ignore international realities, and his proclivity for confusing presidential prestige and rhetoric with military power and political action, were again revealed in the address he delivered last May on the occasion of the 30th Anniversary of the founding of the state of Israel. "The United States," he declared, "will never waver from our deep friendship with Israel; our total, absolute commitment to Israel's security." The "total, absolute commitment" of one nation to the security of another is something that calls for a formal military alliance—such as the U.S. has with the NATO countries. But surely the President knew, even as he spoke, that not a dozen U.S. senators would support a U.S.-Israeli military treaty, or for that matter, any kind of commitment to Israel that might involve us in military action against the Arab nations. U.S. imperatives in the Middle East are militarily to strengthen the Saudis, Iranians, and Egyptians against the USSR and—at whatever costs to Israel—to maintain the flow of Arab oil to the West.

Israel has two imperatives: legitimacy and security—the recognition by its Arab neighbors of its right to nationhood, and its desperate need for defensible borders. But the mere recognition of its "right to exist" *by* the Arabs is not enough to protect Israel *from* the Arabs. Without the strong, unambiguous backing of the U.S.—Israel's *only* ally—Israel's chances of securing defensible frontiers, either in direct negotiations with the Arabs or at the Geneva peace table, are virtually nil.

With the shift in the balance of military power in favor of the USSR, and America's continued dependence on Arab oil, Israel can no longer count on this backing. Israel's demands for security are now seen in Washington as an "obstacle to peace." On the détente road to Munich as it winds through the Middle East, Israel is likely to become a victim.

And what has happened to that other "total and absolute" presidential commitment—Carter's global human-rights policy? His only contribution to foreign policy (which may be fortunate), Carter's attempt to apply his human-rights crusade to the USSR has been a stunning failure. Ironically, this attempt has done even more than events in Africa or the Middle East to expose the impotence of Washington *vis-à-vis* Moscow.

The President's insistence that Moscow honor the human-rights provisions of the Helsinki accords, followed by his overt support of Soviet dissidents, provoked a violent reaction in Moscow. And with some reason. The government of a sovereign nation has the right to treat its own citizens in any way it chooses. Overt interference by another nation with this right is always deeply resented, and (as any Class 4 Foreign Service Officer could have told Mr. Carter) not only worsens their relations but invariably fails—unless it is backed by strong political, economic, or military pressures.

Soviet leaders lost no time impressing upon Carter the fact that the U.S. is fresh out of such pressures. In the toughest language to



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come out of Moscow since the détente agreements were signed, they told President Carter that détente and SALT would not survive his interference in Soviet internal affairs. Soviet human-rights dissidents, and several Jews who had agitated to emigrate, were given show trials and sentenced to long years in prison, or hard labor in the Gulag. To emphasize further their displeasure, the Soviets charged F.J. Crawford, a Moscow-based executive of International Harvester, with illegal currency manipulation and popped him into prison. And two American Moscow correspondents, from the *New York Times* and the *Baltimore Sun*, were accused of slandering the Soviet state and fined for failing to reply to a Soviet court order to publish retractions.

The President has responded to all of these developments with a few small slaps on the mailed fist of the Kremlin. At Annapolis in June he warned the Soviet leaders against further adventurism in Africa. They must choose, he said, between "confrontation and cooperation" (whatever that meant). And in reprisal for Moscow's treatment of its own nationals, and ours, he called off several American technological missions scheduled to visit Moscow, cancelled the sale of a giant computer, and imposed an export-licensing system on sales of oil-related equipment.* But at the same time he reiterated his devotion to détente ("the road to peace and progress") and his desire for the consummation of a SALT treaty that is "fair to both parties."

In its notes on U.S.-Soviet affairs, the Advanced International Institute summed up: "Carter's Annapolis speech...evoked a Soviet frontal assault on all major areas of U.S. policy towards the USSR....The keynote of this assault [a *Pravda* editorial] contained unparalleled overtones of arrogance and contempt, as well as threats to peace if the U.S. did not 'mend its ways.'" The gist of the "frontal assault" was that the "objective reality" is now a preponderance of military and ideological power in Soviet hands, and short of initiating a suicidal nuclear holocaust, there is nothing the United States can do to prevent the USSR from accomplishing its world revolutionary mission. America's leaders do not seem to realize that America has "lost its strategic supremacy." Washington "is not taking into account the growth of the forces of World Socialism," and when it does, it will see that "the concept of confrontation holds no promise in the long term....Washington strategists would be well advised to understand this." In the Soviet view, America can no longer "choose war or peace," as U.S. interests, guided by justice, counsel. Henceforth, America has no choice but to accept détente—and peace—on Soviet terms.

The Soviets do not ignore the reality of the vast potential strength of the U.S. But their confidence in the ultimate triumph of a Soviet-dominated world is based on the belief that the American people have lost the will to resist, and that our leadership is too confused, vacillating, and indecisive to develop policies, strategies, and capabilities to restore the balance of power to the West. Like the President himself, we are too enamored of the ideal of peace to focus on the idea of our own security—though it has now become a question of our survival.

But the Soviets could be wrong. There is a strong, stubborn current in America of anti-Communism which has now begun to surface again. Americans have been learning the hard way—thanks to Soviet actions in the last year—a lesson that it is not yet too late for President Carter to learn: that the foreign policy of a great nation cannot be made "in the realm of the spirit." It must be made in the jungle world of sovereign nations, where foresight, purpose, and resolve are more productive of peace and progress than noble visions and moral impulses, where firm actions speak louder than fair words, and where—in the end—mind more than heart, and might more than right, decide the fortunes of nations. □

*Shortly after this, however, the administration approved the sale of a Dresser Industries welding machine to the Soviet Union.

*John P. Sisk*

# *The Bitter Truth of Gossip*

*"To know how bad we are in the condition of mere nature is an excellent recipe for becoming much worse."—C.S. Lewis*

With this subject one must begin by conceding what must be conceded: Gossip, whatever else must be said about it, is an expression of the urge to tell the truth with the expectation, following St. John, that the truth will make us free. If, as everyone seems to agree, we are living in a particularly gossipy time, then the likely thing is that the desire to know the truth is a special mark of this time, or that this desire is especially easy to satisfy at this time, or both. *Washington Post* editor Benjamin Bradlee apparently inclines to the first explanation. Linking the current appetite for gossip with the spirit of the late sixties, he has been quoted as saying: "It seems to me you can't pretend anymore to be something you're not. And that's good." Perhaps he has more than this to say about the subject (certainly the Bradlee of *All the President's Men* would have had more to say), but the statement as we have it is hard to take a stand against: If we have indeed come to the end of hypocrisy, that is a good thing. Barbara Howar agrees: "Let public officials be just what they represent themselves to be, or let them take the consequences." Shakespeare's Iago sums it up for both of them: "Men should be what they seem."

What Bradlee and Howar are doing is relating gossip to everybody's put-down term, "role-playing." The role-player hides a great deal of the total truth about himself behind the role he assumes, which is why puritan critics of the Elizabethan theater referred to actors as hypocrites. The accusation has far-reaching consequences. Ellen Peck, founder of the National Organization for Non-Parents, has pointed out the extent to which the actions of parents must hypocritically contradict their true feelings because they cannot be their honest selves. She might have noted that it is in the nuclear family that children themselves learn this histrionic art, the implication of which is that the family as an institution, with its structural dependence on role-playing, is not only gossip-inciting but is the seedbed of the gossip impulse. Whether this means that Ms. Peck (to say nothing of Benjamin Bradlee, Barbara

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Howar, and Iago) is at heart a puritan is an open question. Let me note only that according to Rollo May's *Love and Will* (a book that is hard to classify as gossip), puritans are likely to appear where one least expects them.

In any event, the dialectics of gossip can be complicated. The *Star*, like all tabloids in its class, can hardly exist without gossip. Yet its editor has been quoted as saying, "Our readers are interested in people who don't play roles but are perceived as playing themselves." One must imagine that such people have very congruent personalities, of the sort much favored by psychologists in the Carl Rogers-Abraham Maslow class. These people tell it like it is, get it all up front, and let it all hang out. At times they are bores, and at other times they are undeniably refreshing to have around, but at all times, having nothing to hide, they are hardly gossip-inciters. They are, in fact, gossip-inhibitors, and for that reason threats to the *Star*, just as what *Newsweek* has called the "new candor" is a threat to professional scandal-mongers and muckrakers.

The Sandstone experience, especially as reported in a book by Tom Hatfield and as seen in a widely-distributed documentary film, is a good example of this new candor in sexual relations. Committed to open, honest, natural, and carefree sexuality among consenting adults in its spacious and luxurious living room, Sandstone aimed "to destroy the myth that sex was something dirty." In effect, it also aimed to remove sex completely from the world of gossip. At the same time, of course, it removed sex from the world of romance, which, because of its dependence on withheld information, is a gossip-inciting world (and so we have the great gossip incited by the Tristan-Iseult and Launcelot-Guinevere affairs). According to Robert Rimmer, author of *The Premar Experiments*, the defining opposite of Sandstone is "the artificial sex-tease atmosphere of a Playboy club," and he wonders what the United States would be like "if one day Holiday Inns were transformed into Sandstones." Unfortunately, when Gay Talese arrived at Sandstone for a visit (having been lured there by God knows what false promises) he brought with him the heretical *Playboy* spirit: On party nights he took women into the privacy of his own room, "leaving their partners," says the shocked Hatfield, "to wonder where the girls are, what they are doing, and with whom." So Talese turned out to be a gossip-inciter, but at least (what else would one expect?) he was on the side of romance.

On the other hand, the candid revelation—being, like the traditional "true confession," a kind of reverse gossip ("I will tell it before anyone else gets a chance to and so get all the credit myself")—can be effectively gossip-inciting: It leads one to suspect that those who do not confess have dirty secrets to hide. The more celebrities confess to adulterous affairs, the harder it is to believe that those who do not confess are as faithful to their spouses as they appear to be. The more homosexuals come candidly out of the closet, the easier it is to believe that the closet remains a very crowded place.

II

But it is possible that the *Star* editor really meant that his readers were interested in people perceived as "playing themselves," which is only a refined kind of role-playing—the kind that Iago is so good at. This kind of pretense is bound to be attractive in a culture that, for whatever reasons, has come to place great emphasis on candor. Candor can be practiced, just as the Rolling Stones were supposed to have gone to Switzerland for a few weeks before one of their American tours to practice their spontaneity. Candor of this sort routinely becomes a way of dramatizing oneself in order to heighten or relive experience. If it is perceived as role-playing, it incites gossip of the most sophisticated kind. What motive of self-aggrandizement, of sheer vainglory, is behind the confession that one is a lesbian, an adulterer, or a swinger? Is the apparently courageous, nonconformist admission of sin only a device to conform with those bolder transgressors one would like to consider one's peers? Thomas Mann's confidence man, Felix Krull, wonders, "What moral value or significance can attach to confessions written from any point of view except that of truthfulness?" Nevertheless, it may be a mistake to take confessors like Henry Miller, Casanova, Rousseau, or Krull himself, at their own evaluations. Surely true confession is just as likely now as it ever was to be a brag or a fabrication—an effort to intensify and authenticate experience by presenting it to the public as gossip.

In our time nothing has been more gossip-inciting than Watergate and the hugger-mugger operations of the FBI and CIA. Analogously speaking, Nixon and his book-writing confederates were motivated more by the *Playboy* than the Sandstone spirit. They were, like Gay Talese, on the side of romance; as were Woodward and Bernstein, whose *All the President's Men*, like all good romances, leaves the reader with the sense that vast reservoirs of gossip remain untapped. The FBI and CIA are more ambiguous. Both agencies are in the gossip business, clearly enough, since they are sophisticated seekers-out of hidden information; but by jealously guarding the gossip they dig up they refuse to perform one of the most vital functions of the gossip-monger. Thus they induce a great sense of frustration in the public, which is then likely to consider the operations of these agencies immoral less because of the means they use than because they are inside-dopesters who refuse to deliver all the inside dope they owe us. We want them on display in the Sandstone living room while they prefer the privacy of their *Playboy* enclaves.

In Tom Hatfield's view, the Sandstone experiment—which, if it had been entirely successful, would have resulted in a gossip-free society—was an immensely humanizing one that has to be understood, along with the human-potential movement generally, as a reaction against the depersonalizing forces of the contemporary world. But this should not blind us to the fact that the gossip impulse itself has always had humanizing effects. Indeed, the original meaning of the word—close friend, companion—is some indication of the essential humanity of the activity. One need only think of the extent to which gossipers, by creating a vast body of "personality journalism," have humanized the world of literature for us.

What admirer of that fabulous poet-historian-adventurer, Walter Raleigh, could do without Anthony A. Wood's remark that Sir Walter fell out of favor at court "for devirginating a maid of honor"? Suppose our image of Samuel Johnson lacked the humanizing, gossipy details about his relations with Mrs. Thrale that we get from Boswell? Suppose we had to make do with a Goethe unenlivened by Eckermann's *Conversations* and so did not know that in his seventy-fourth year the author of *Faust* experienced a violent affection for a young lady of Marienbad? It is easy enough, after reading *Madame Bovary*, to imagine its author standing aloof from his creation with Joycean irony, paring his fingernails; but once read the Goncourt's report that "while working on the end of his novel, he had been obliged to get up and go find a handkerchief, which he soaked with his tears," and Flaubert becomes a suffering human being again. We owe to Sheilah Graham our knowledge that F. Scott Fitzgerald died thinking not about his unfinished *Last Tycoon* but about the Princeton football team. Thanks to Malcolm Cowley's *Exile's*



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*Return*, we had the inside dope about Harry Crosby (and the lost generation generally) long before Geoffrey Wolff's *Black Sun*.

"I don't see how to write a book without putting people in it," Virginia Woolf once wrote to Gerald Brenan. When you put people in books, especially fiction, you are bound to have gossip, whether the books are written by Jacqueline Susann or William Faulkner, and the fictive gossip is likely to be grounded on real gossip. This is no less true of Virginia Woolf's own *To the Lighthouse* than of Thomas Wolfe's *Look Homeward Angel*, Proust's *Remembrance of Things Past*, Budd Schulberg's *The Disenchanted*, Hemingway's *The Sun Also Rises*, Aldous Huxley's *Point Counterpoint*, Fitzgerald's *Tender Is the Night*, Kerouac's *On the Road*, or Mailer's *The Naked and the Dead*. Elizabeth Ray's *Washington Fringe Benefit* is probably no more a *roman à clef* than Bellow's *Humboldt's Gift*. Truman Capote may be indulging in special pleading, but he also has considerable tradition behind him when he says of his partially published *Answered Prayers* that it "isn't gossip except in the sense that all literature is gossip."

III

One would probably have to include as humanizing gossip a vast amount of relatively trivial information that, while it does not cause us to revise our opinion of them in any major way, still has the effect of lessening the distance between ourselves and the great ones of the earth. There is real gain in learning that Wordsworth suffered from insomnia; that Beethoven liked billiards; that Hugh Hefner is hooked on Pepsi Cola; that the Earl of Oxford, thought by Freud (among others) to have written the plays attributed to Shakespeare, was so embarrassed after breaking wind in Queen Elizabeth's presence that he stayed away from the court for seven years; that Elizabeth Taylor once gave Richard Burton a complete set of Everyman bound in calf and costing $10,000; that Rudolph Valentino's mesmerizing glance was at least in part nearsightedness; that Ludwig Wittgenstein was a Betty Grable fan; that Marianne Moore was a baseball fan; that Henry James ate his lunch while walking around his house; that Allen Ginsberg was once crowned King of the May in Prague; that Lenin was a bad loser at chess; that Hemingway wrote his daily blood-pressure readings on the bathroom wall.

The humanizing effect of gossip-level information is particularly clear in its tendency to reclaim an otherwise villainous subject, if only momentarily and in a minor way. Something like this happens when we learn that Heinrich Himmler, Hitler's Gestapo chief who believed that the extermination of Jews was "a glorious page in our history," as a boy loved nature, collected stamps, and wrote poetry; that Hermann Göring, who was the chief of the Luftwaffe, also sailed model boats and played with model trains; that Hitler himself played "Uncle Adolf" to the children who romped about his Berchtesgaden retreat. It is some gain for humanity to learn that Nero, who had his mother executed and may have had his wife murdered, wrote prize-winning poetry and music. Similarly, there is comfort in the knowledge that the lustful, arrogant, and ruthless Cesare Borgia liked popular sports, and that the violent anarchist Mikhail Bakunin was entranced with the music of Beethoven.

An especially interesting example of the humanizing dimension of gossip is supplied by the "personals" in the back pages of the *New York Review of Books*. Here are typical entries:

> Baltimore Male, handsome, intelligent, and all those other things, 40, partially married, would enjoy meeting pert and pretty lady for discreet pleasures.
>
> Author-Lecturer, married, will respond discreetly and sincerely to mature woman seeking a relationship, occasional or ongoing, for mutual pleasure.
>
> Pittsburgh Area, gay, professional male, 34, interests opera, ballet, ideas, travel, seeks same.

There are those for whom the personals are the comics of the *NYR*, just as there are those who are convinced that they are written by a member of the staff with a view to lightening what would otherwise be an excessively sober-sided publication. However, I have never found it hard to believe that there are real, even suffering people behind the personals—people who instead of seeking the humanizing inside dope about others are moved to publish it anonymously about themselves, with the implied promise that they are quite willing to enter into gossip-risking relationships with other people. Indeed, the fact that a man in Hayward, California, advertises a pamphlet on "How to Write an Effective Personal Ad" suggests that personals are anything but an editorial hoax.

Even the disparity between the tone of the personals and the high seriousness of the non-anonymous part of the *NYR* has its humanizing aspect. The quotidian and earthbound noises of the mere human creature are all too easily drowned out by the prose of Christopher Lasch, I.F. Stone, and Robert Heilbroner. People publish personal ads for the same reason that they go to places like Sandstone or Esalen or read the "Ear" column in the *Washington Post*: to get relief from the complication, specialization, abstraction, bureaucratization, and mechanization of modern life. I have no difficulty believing that the "partially married" Baltimore male reads and enjoys Robert Heilbroner; no doubt, should he meet his pert and pretty lady he will spend at least part of his time discussing macroeconomics with her. But I can also imagine him motivated by a burning desire to get himself (however discreetly) into a gossip-inciting situation; for in our society, to be in a position to be gossiped about is to have proof of one's significant existence. Perhaps he is one of those many people who secretly resent not having been given at least a walk-on part in Capote's *Answered Prayers*.

IV

Gossip, in short, has become an important survival device in a complex, media-rich society in which it is easy to see the media as existing primarily for the convenience of those forces that threaten to extinguish the person. Gossip is not about issues or ideas or systems but about people, and on this score alone it is a great comfort: So long as there is gossip there are people, and so long as there are people there is hope against the systems. But there is this complication: We know in our hearts that without good systems we are lost, and that good systems require extraordinary people. Yet, as the political scientist Andrew Hacker has contended, most of us are ordinary: deficient in talent, ambition, discipline, and character. We know this in our hearts, too, despite a flattering tradition of American extraordinariness.

The result is our ambivalence toward people who are, or who at least seem to be, truly extraordinary. We are so appalled with the level of competence necessary to succeed in the upper levels of politics, business, religion, sport, or entertainment, with the degree of sheer good luck necessary to manage great endowments of wealth, personal charm, or beauty, that we willingly cooperate in the business of turning achievers into super-achievers, stars into super-stars, if not legends in their own time. Out of an apprehension of our own deficiencies we idolize and mythologize, but in the act of doing this we only more clearly define our deficiencies. We are no less dependent on the press agent than on the muckraker and scandal-monger, and we are in collaboration with both.

This fact has to be kept in mind by anyone who tries to understand the national preoccupation with the iconoclastic, black, or malicious gossip that in recent years has caused us to revise downwards the public images of such achievers as Franklin D. Roosevelt, Dwight D. Eisenhower, John F. Kennedy, Billy Hargis, Wilbur Mills, Wayne Hays, Bishop James Pike, and Babe Ruth. This is why it is possible to say that if Thomas Jefferson did not have a black mistress he should have had one. The fact of a fall from virtue in high places may be less important than the need to believe in it as an ongoing possibility, lest those in high places put spotlights on our ordinariness by posing models of excellence we simply cannot live up to. There are occasions, in other words, when we devour iconoclastic gossip less to humanize our "betters" than to keep them from dehumanizing us. If at the same time this makes for good entertainment (the sort of pratfall comedy that the least subtle can appreciate), if by affording us the luxury of an easy moral indignation it becomes possible for us to back into



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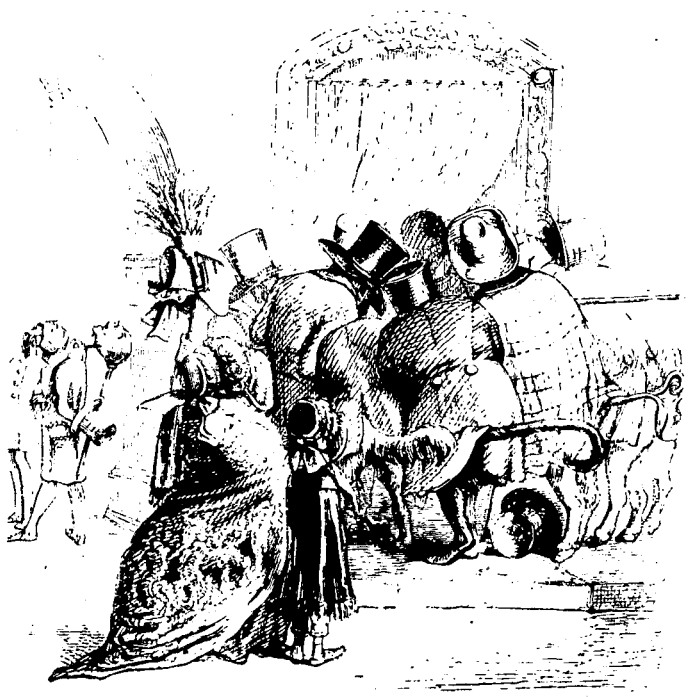
virtue (we may be ordinary but we're not *that* bad), then so much the better.

Such are the complexities of the human idol- and myth-making compulsion. We might have learned from the Greeks, who, especially in their mythology, handled things much more humanely. They kept their gods and goddesses from getting threateningly beyond human capacities by imagining their Olympian environment to be a gossip-inciting one to begin with. Greek mythology, particularly when contrasted with Christian theology, is almost entirely gossip—is, in fact, a primitive form of *Answered Prayers*. Zeus as model of husband-father-playboy is no threat to the most ordinary of mortals. If he had shown up at Sandstone (disguised and, of course, without the suspicious Hera), he would have preferred a private room, and Tom Hatfield would have disapproved of him for the same reasons that he disapproved of Gay Talese. But since whatever he did in that room would be in character, the gossip he incited would not be malicious or unsettling to his worshipers.

V

The Greeks, one might say, had few illusions about their deities, which may be why they seem to us to have so few illusions about themselves—fewer at least than we have about ourselves. Certainly they knew that most people are prisoners of illusions, just as they knew that most people are ordinary (and their super-achievers in philosophy, literature, and drama did what they could to correct these deficiencies). But they were not hounded by our compulsion to discover the invalidity of our pieties and the venality of our betters; and by the same token they did not have our need of black gossip. They seem to have anticipated St. Paul's conviction that "We see now through a mirror in an obscure manner."



To put it another way, the Greeks could afford to be more relaxed about their gossip. Contemporary gossipers, hounded as they are by the conviction that life is fundamentally a con job, a cosmological ripoff even, tend to be uptight gossipers, and the themes of their gossip tend to coalesce into one grand theme: that the real truth about everyone and everything is most likely to prove ugly or unpalatable to all but those with the strongest stomachs (the true heroes), and that the ultimate truth-of-truths will probably be, like the vision behind Bluebeard's locked door, utterly unobscure and utterly appalling. This is why, when all concessions have been made to the gossip impulse—that it is humanizing, that it is entertaining, that it is a means of surviving with at least a minimum of virtue—it must finally be considered as economy.

In terms of available frames of reference into which information can be placed and the number of perspectives from which events can be viewed, we live in a spendthrift environment. We can know so much about everyone and everything that interests us, and yet our knowledge can be such a jumble of half-truths, contradictions, and mutually irrelevant fragments that it is hard to have that sense of a clear picture without which we cannot feel truly at home in the world. Black gossip is an understandable attempt to manage the confusion of our times by an almost puritanic principle of economy, thanks to which it is possible to have repeatedly and with relatively little effort the exhilarating and enlightening experience of getting to the rock-bottom truth about things.

This is why P.B. Jones of Capote's *Answered Prayers* is the ideal narrator-observer for these times. He is the inside dopester as economizer of information. His view of reality is simple and clarifying: It relieves ordinary people of the burden of mystery that the world of their betters imposes on them, and it suggests that other burdens of mystery will yield to the same economy—that the world which seems so bewilderingly extraordinary may turn out to be, when all the gossip about it is in, a place quite commensurate with the capacities and lusts of ordinary people.

The late Arnold Gingrich, in whose *Esquire* excerpts of *Answered Prayers* have been published, wrote of the third excerpt (a bit nervous, perhaps, about the reaction to the second, "La Côte Basque, 1965") that "it is now evident that this is the work of a serious and gifted writer." This may turn out to be the case, but in the meantime Capote's P.B. Jones is what malicious or black gossipers always are: fanatic reductionists. His gratifyingly uncomplicated view of human nature and human relations suggests not the view of the serious novelist that he would like to be, but the ferocious tunnel-vision of the IRA Provisionals or the Symbionese Liberation Army. He makes it clear that black gossip, by being a form of fanaticism, is also a form of censorship: It invalidates or makes unthinkable any other interpretation than its own. But this, of course, may turn out to be Capote's point—if he ever gets around to finishing a work the suspended nature of which has itself become a subject of gossip.

The novelist Elie Wiesel, who experienced the fanatic reductionism of Auschwitz—that thesaurus of the blackest of black gossip—has suggested that the world might be a better place if people were willing to share questions rather than answers. Unfortunately, he says, they want to give answers, and "the answers are all temporary, while those who give the answers see them as eternal." This is the way it is with gossipers, especially black gossipers. Like the prophets of old, they are never in doubt; their answers are given out and received as eternal.

VI

And on the note of the fanatic and the eternal we arrive at the pornographic, which is where Othello arrives once Iago destroys his romantic world with malicious gossip. It may be, as we are often enough told these days, that we are experiencing a revolution of consciousness as a consequence of our conflicts over sexual identity; in the meantime, however, society's confusion about human sexuality is a mirror of its confusion about apparently unrelated issues. In these circumstances, pornography is the simplifying black gossip about sex—the eternal and fanatic answer about it. No doubt, the fear that the legal availability of pornography is crucial to the availability of basic human rights generally often masks the fear that if this answer is not available the burden of sex, to say nothing of the burden of sexual identity, will be insupportable. Looked at this way, there can be no doubt that pornography has a redeeming social value, since it makes possible the economy of response without which even extraordinary people sometimes go mad.

It is in this light that one should consider the reports of the various inside dopesters about sex in America: those of Kinsey, Masters and Johnson, and, more recently, Shere Hite. The objections to which *The Hite Report* is vulnerable are obvious enough. One can easily imagine the outcry that would greet the contention that 3,000 male responses out of 100,000 haphazardly-distributed sex questionnaires (actually, less than 2,000 figure in Ms. Hite's statistical tables) add up to anything more than themselves. And



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surely it is naive to assume, in the absence of other controls, that anonymity of response guarantees candor, or that candor is the same thing as truthfulness or accuracy. One might as well attempt to construct an adequate image of male sexuality by examining the anonymous and candid graffiti in every twentieth toilet stall in American railroad stations. Indeed, the thing one would really like to know—what sort of people under what circumstances even bother to answer a questionnaire of this sort—is forever unknowable.

But all of these objections are beside the point once it is clear (from the enthusiastic response to it) that the report performs the same public service that gossip does. It is, in fact, the most acceptable kind of gossip about sex at the present time, and insofar as it attempts to revise the norms of sexual conduct downward, its affinity is with malicious gossip. Karen Durbin, writing in *Mademoiselle*, is convinced that the report establishes a new definition of normal in female sexuality. Ms. Hite herself concludes from her gossipy evidence that "There is no standard of sexual performance 'out there,' against which you must measure yourself; you aren't ruled by 'hormones' or 'biology.' " And here once more we see the paradox of gossip. *The Hite Report* might function like gossip for its readers, and might in fact keep some of them sane, but the norms of sexual conduct that it advocates are as hostile to the spirit of gossip (to say nothing of the spirit of romance) as was the Sandstone experiment.

Of course, if Capote gives his P.B. Jones enough rein his effect may be in the same direction. In the meantime, however, he connects with the economy of pornography in all directions. The inside dope he reveals about the best, brightest, handsomest, and richest is that they are mainly motivated by lust. This is also true of most contemporary inside dopesters, who, often with the best will in the world, must not only compete with but must move toward the fanatic simplicities of pornography. It is significant that the success of the action in *All the President's Men* depended crucially on an insider dopester called "Deep Throat," with the implication that any honest effort to discover the truth must in some sense or other have a vital connection with the pornographic. In fact, the "Deep Throat" connection with Watergate has the effect of authenticating a story which is otherwise woefully lacking in gossipy departures from traditional sexual norms.

Still, there are those who believe that our romance with black gossip will have, after the fashion of romances, a happy ending: that we are witnessing something like the cleansing of the Augean stables of the American psyche; that we are beginning at last to face up to our true nature; and that we have some reason to expect conditions of authentic life, which are now realities only for those intrepid few who are able to realize their essential innocence along what Theodore Roszak has called the Aquarian Frontier. The perspective from this position, if one can believe Professor Roszak, yields an image of human nature radically different from that suggested by Bluebeard's gossip-inciting chamber of horrors. Indeed, in this view Bluebeard's horrors, no less than P.B. Jones' obscenities, might seem to be the grim product of our sin-obsessed and therefore perversely anti-Aquarian culture—which, having induced us to misconceive the nature of our nature, now suffers the Nemesis of an obsession with black gossip.

This is not the perspective on the nature of our nature that we get from the late C.S. Lewis, who once remarked: "To know how bad we are in the condition of mere nature is an excellent recipe for becoming much worse." Here, to be sure, is the wisdom of the Old World, a wisdom that accepts the limiting condition of St. Paul's obscuring mirror. But if Lewis proves to be right, the Aquarian Frontier, for all its glorious promise, will turn out to be one more chimera land. □

*Michael Novak*

# *Men Without Women*

*Meditations on the half-life of the homosexual.*

A peculiar paradox emerges from recent debates about homosexuality. On the one hand, proponents of homosexuality speak of "sexual preference" and "alternative choices." On the other hand, they speak of being "trapped," of "having been given a different nature." So there are really two different possibilities involved. First, if homosexuality is a matter of choice or preference, it lies in the realm of freedom. The argument then concerns whether such choices ought to be encouraged or discouraged; whether, in a word, homosexuality is a good choice. Second, if homosexuality is a matter of nature, it lies in the realm of necessity. The argument then does not reach so high a moral level. Those involved are not really free to choose an alternative. They suffer from a diminished range of freedom.

The moral argument about this second alternative is sometimes simply expressed as "Do what comes naturally," or "To yourself be true." In other moral traditions, however, the limitation of freedom involved in this alternative constitutes a moral defect, like kleptomania, pyromania, or other "natural" psychic flaws. Few human bodies fulfill classical possibilities of form; so also few human psyches. Each of us carries serious flaws. In some traditions, homosexuality is such a flaw. It makes people suffer, but does not make happiness or moral courage impossible.

It is probably important to distinguish between male and female homosexuality. Male infants have a hurdle to jump—I speak as a nonscientist—which females do not have to jump: *viz.*, a transference of their sexual identity away from their mother, with her sensual closeness, to their father. A distance must be established between the male and the mother, and an identification made with the father. One must appreciate the fact that, in a percentage of cases, this transition will be handled very rudely. In addition, one anticipates the probability that the natural endowment—hormonal, neural, emotional, whatever—of a certain percentage of children will not follow the norm. Aristotle pointed out long ago that nature does not work flawlessly, but only "for the most part," i.e., with considerable looseness and randomness, producing a spectrum of individuals from the nearly flawless to the seriously aber-

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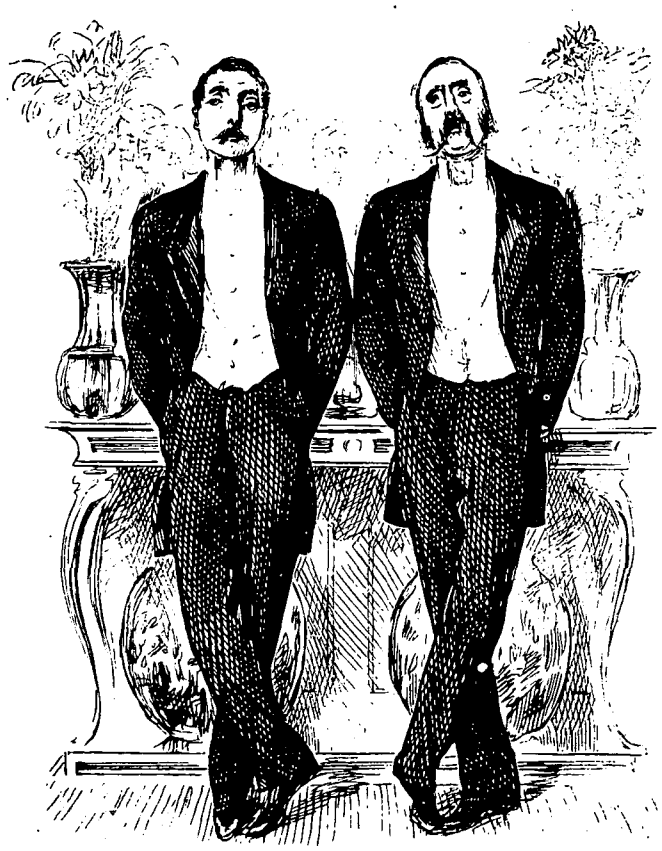
rant. None of us ever chose our nature. Yet we each do become responsible for what we make of it.

When the male infant does not make a successful transfer in sexual identity to the father, the male is attracted to other males. Females may even seem to him repulsive, surrounded by an aura of conflict or disinterest. In past ages, such homosexuality was sometimes construed as a danger to the human race because it meant (a) a decline in population, or (b) a decline in those masculine qualities essential for survival. What happened in the socialization of the young male was perceived to be of greater significance, and of greater risk, to the race than what happened to the female. Unless I am mistaken, even today society is in a more troubled state about male homosexuality than about female homosexuality. Lesbianism may suggest infantile pleasure and regression, but it does not threaten the public, at least not to the same extent that male homosexuality does. Female handholding, public exchanges of tenderness, and the like indicate that females are permitted a more relaxed attitude than males with members of their own sex. Female homosexuality seems somehow more natural, perhaps harmless. Male homosexuality seems to represent a breakdown in an important form of socialization.



The point may need elaboration. Recent publicity about women has served to shield us from an event of far greater significance: the decline of value, status, and the need of "masculine" qualities. In modern corporate life, "mother bureaucracy" swallows the strong ego. Rewards do not come from taking risks, being aggressive, speaking out. In the rationalized, smooth world of government and corporate life, "going along to get along" wins more certain rewards.

The rules of corporate bureaucracy may be more decisive in altering sex roles than the pill. These rules weaken masculine qualities in obvious ways. Yet the male spirit leads one to put one's own body at risk; a degree of occasional physical danger is as necessary for male living as air. The modern era suffocates the male principle. (I say "male" rather than "masculine" to emphasize the high animal spirits involved, the instinctual base on which culture works.) The deep and wide-ranging changes in our experience of maleness have been too little explored. They have certainly induced vast sexual confusion.

They may also—in an odd way—help to cast light on at least part of the inexplicable rage among contemporary women. Suppose that some women, unconsciously, seek the male principle and cannot find it realized in the corporate men around them. What a vast disappointment there seems to be among women today about the men of their acquaintance. They *tell* us that we are "male chauvinist pigs." But what if they *mean* that we are not even males, that they can have no respect for us? The fact that so many men cave in before the rhetoric of militant feminists must only increase the rage, by proving its unconscious point.

Is it true that the number of homosexuals is multiplying in our day? Who could marvel if it were? Men find it perplexing to be male. Seeking the male principle, some women are trying to supply it themselves. It is not just that "sex-role stereotypes" are breaking down. Rather, basic systems of identity have been profoundly altered by the technology and organization of modern life. Personal confusion abounds. The problem is deeper than that of homosexuality alone.

Society has a special stake in the development of married family life. Without strong, enlightened, spiritually nourishing families, the future of society looks bleak indeed. The family is the original, and still the most effective, department of health, education, and welfare. If it fails to teach honesty, courage, a desire for excellence, and a whole host of basic skills, it is exceedingly difficult for any other agency to make up for its failures. Who would trust politicians to do the job?

More than that, society has an important stake in nourishing that special wisdom and powerful realism learned in marriage in the battle between the sexes. For thousands of years, masculine culture and feminine culture have been quite different. It is not easy for men and women to understand each other, or to learn to be honest with each other. "Honesty" may mean something different to males and to females.

In addition, the raising of children is morally demanding in a special way. Most of what one learns is failure. A raw realism develops. The brute demands of running a house, of keeping order, of teaching all that one must teach, and of encountering the daily struggles of self-will and self-assertion on the part of each parent and each child are of great moral significance. Sometimes the moral life of families is taken to be conventional and easy. It is not. Moral health must be won against great odds by each couple and each family, starting from scratch, and battled for over and over. We are learning in our generation how many social supports are necessary to make family life successful. We are learning the hard way. In the *hubris* of pursuing "progress" through affluence, mobility, and the promotion of individual hedonism on a vast scale, we have destroyed most of these supports.

I must add here that I am a Catholic—not to say that other traditions do not have analogous concerns, but only to give my own comments moral concreteness. Morals do not come down to us in some universalist language of the lowest common denominator, but in the concrete rituals, voices, affects, and symbols of long historical traditions, internalized by individuals who carry them. To my mind, the human body is a dwelling place of God, and the joining of a man's and a woman's body in matrimony is a privileged form of union with God. The relationship is not merely that of a mechanical linking, putting genitals here or there. It is a metaphor for (and an enactment of) God's union with mankind. Marital intercourse thus reenacts the basic act of creation. It celebrates the future. It acts out in the flesh a communion of two separate persons who are not, at the beginning of their marriage, or at their fifteenth or any other anniversary, nearly as united in fact as this symbol pledges them to become.

There is no doubt that women can truly love women, and that men can have profound love for other men. (Aristotle, indeed, argued that men could only be true friends with men, not with women, because friendship depends on equality, and men and women did not have equality.) In some ways, friendships are indeed easier between persons of the same sex. Sexual relations between men and women are enormously complex, so that one short lifetime is normally insufficient to plumb even one such relationship. Heterosexual relations are full of terror. They are not as rosy and cheerful as *Playboy* and *Penthouse* would puff for our infantile fantasies.

Men have done most of the world's writing, so we are well



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informed about how little, and how poorly, men understand women. It would be foolish to believe—all experience tells against it—that women understand men any better. (In a secret area of bias, I confess to believing that men, at least sexually, are simpler to understand. The truth is so simple, I think whimsically, that many women cannot bring themselves to believe it. They keep looking for deeper, more complicated explanations.)

Society has a great—an overwhelming—interest in the battle between the sexes, and in its successful negotiation by its millions of couples. Even given the full social supports of an economic and cultural and spiritual system, such as we do not now have, not all couples can be expected to be successful. In a system as fantastically successful, rich, and centrifugal as ours, the casualties must be many. Democratic capitalism necessarily develops powerful contradictions, as Daniel Bell has spelled out. It is the freest system ever devised by mankind. But it sends individuals off every which way, in general moral incoherence. The effort to nourish strong families in such a system places huge burdens upon each solitary couple.

Great strides have been made in recent years—strides which I welcome—in winning tolerance for homosexuals. Tolerance for individuals does not entail moral approval, however. In a democracy, one must live and let live. But one is free to argue against. From my point of view, homosexuals absent themselves from the most central struggle of the individual, the struggle to enter into communion with a person of the opposite sex. That is the battle most at the heart of life. Excluded from this struggle, whether by choice or by psychic endowment, the homosexual is deprived of its fruits. Those fruits are a distinctive honesty, realism, and wisdom taught by each sex to the other: that complementarity in which our humanity is rejoined and fulfilled. Apart from this civilizing struggle there is a lack, an emptiness, a loss of realism. On the other hand, God knows, there are compensating riches of the spirit. Often those deprived in one way are the most sensitive and creative in others. Fulfillment does not depend on being heterosexual, or married, or familial. But the marital ideal nourishes every other ideal we have.

Psychiatrists have ceased calling homosexuality a sickness, or a lack, but one is not sure that they—or others—have ceased thinking that way about it (or that they should). There are three features in the very structure of homosexual life that tell against it. The first is a preoccupation with one's own sex. Half the human mystery is evaded. The second is the instability of homosexual relationships, an instability that arises from the lack of the full dimension of raising a family. Apart from having and raising children, a couple can hardly help a degree of self-preoccupation. The structure of family life—the same onerous structure that feels like a "trap"—places the married couple in a context larger than themselves, shields them from one another, so to speak, and opens up new avenues of realism and honesty. It is an especially important experience to exercise the authority of a parent, having rebelled against mother, or father, or both, for so many years. Only thus does one see things from the other side.

Thirdly, the homosexual faces a particular sort of solipsism, which is difficult to escape simply through companionship. Homosexual love is somehow apart from the fundamental mystery of bringing life into the world, and sharing in the birth and death of the generations. It is self-centered in a way that is structural, independent of the goodwill of the individual. Marital love has a structural role in continuing the human race that is independent of the failures of the individuals who share it.

There are also particular dangers in homosexuality. If it is true that the homosexual is lacking something that nature usually intends, then that lack is bound to be felt, at least unconsciously. A certain rage against nature is likely to be felt, and perhaps internalized and directed at the self. Of course, it is often argued that nature has made no mistake, that the homosexual is fully endowed, and that it is *society* that is the cheat. The rage will then be directed against society. Yet even in this case, one will expect to see the rage turned inward, and one will not really expect it to be assuaged by public approval. Indeed, the more the public might seem to approve of homosexuality, the more one would expect homosexuals to begin punishing themselves. For the source of this rage is not merely an anger at being different; it is deeper than that. One knows one has been left out of something. One wishes to be accepted for what one is. But one does not wish to be told lies in the process. One can make something heroic out of a flaw in oneself, but not by lying.

In fact, the climate of the last ten years—just the years in which tolerance and "understanding" have been growing in unprecedented ways—has encouraged the growth of rage among homosexuals. First, it has become conventional to rage against society. Negativism and hostility are in the air. For homosexuals, however, rage against society will not alleviate rage against the self. That rage must be dealt with by the self. Self-fulfillment is at stake. (This does not mean mere self-expression, or doing what one feels like doing.) Self-fulfillment is doubly difficult for the homosexual; it is hard enough for everybody. But the married person with family has so many demands made by others upon the self that many painful blows are struck from outside-in, so to speak, and this is an inestimable advantage. (Edward Albee's hideous play about a marriage, *Who's Afraid of Virginia Woolf?*, only appeared to be about a man and wife; the dialogue was unmistakably that of the soul in rage against itself. The play is an almost perfect metaphor for the rage of the homosexual against himself.)

Second, a peculiar sickness fell upon the rhetoric of blacks during the past decade. It was duly reported by the media as authentic. Incredible poses were struck, rage was faked, pantomime was acted out. Instead of seeing this charade for what it was, many good liberals employed a double standard: Blacks act "funny," so this play-acting must be true. Then everyone who wished to gain the benefits accruing to the "oppressed" through the media began aping militant blacks of that period (now already out of style). "The student as nigger" was the first act. "Women's liberation" was the second. "Gay Power" came third upon the stage. Howsoever poignant the stories to be told, they now come out as canned, bowdlerized, third-rate imitations. Can anyone doubt the inevitable result if this charade continues, long after the public has seen through the symbolic form? Demonstrations of fist-waving homosexuals carrying placards fulfill stereotypes in the public mind surrealistically.

The politicizing of almost everything—I call it "Nixonizing"—is a symptom of civil corruption. Politics is a clumsy instrument for the teaching of tolerance or the spreading of moral enlightenment. Other social forces (the arts, the schools, the churches) can do such things; not politics. Not only is politics a blunt and destructive instrument, supplanting precise reason with slogans, stereotypes, namecalling, and other campaign necessities. It is, in addition, an awakener of fierce counteraction. If one is seeking tolerance and solid shifts in underlying values, politics defeats one's efforts by stimulating and crystallizing opposition. Politics awakens irrational forces. It is not a wholly rational sphere.

That there are, and always will be, homosexuals among us (among our friends, in our families, among those we work with, throughout society) is certain. That they are often among our most talented, creative, and successful citizens is obvious. Yet the homosexual condition offers rather more inner suffering and sorrow, even with its normal quotient of human happiness, than I would wish for my children or for others. Heterosexuality is the full and complete human ideal. Homosexuality is not a preference of equal moral weight. Still, it would be good for laws specifically aimed against homosexuality to be stricken from the books, so that the coercions of the state do not enter into private life. Similarly, no one should be coerced by the state into giving approval for a way of life of which he does not approve. The state should be kept as much as possible outside such questions.

Homosexuals have psychic desert enough without adding to it. As often happens in life, their own inner sources of adversity are often transformed by courage into unusual creativity. Homo-



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sexuals know that powerful social pressures may induce behavior otherwise not freely chosen. Yet no social system completely determines behavior, and in any healthy social system there must be room to experiment and to live in many different ways. Society has a strong interest, in private and in public, in encouraging heterosexuality and in discouraging homosexuality. To do so without injuring those homosexuals who are without choice, and to establish conditions in which their lives may be tolerably creative and satisfying, is an important social task. I am in favor of a tolerant and open system. I am not in favor of one that treats heterosexuality and homosexuality as equals, or as matters of indifference. Individuals (and societies) can make their own moral vision clear without undue coercion upon those who do not, or who cannot, share it. For the good of all of us, homosexuals included, it is well that society should prefer heterosexuality and specially nourish it. The future depends on it. But it is also good for all of us to lighten the burdens of homosexuals, as we would have them lightened for ourselves. □

*Walter Goodman*

# *Family Planning Made Tasteful*

*A note on the latex revolution.*

I laundered, lonely as a crowd
That bloats the pages Riesman fills,
When pharmacology endowed
My life with contraceptive pills;
And, setting the machine on "spin,"
I doffed my tim'rous sense of sin.

Innumerous as the golden sands
That sift and shift on Nilus' banks,
Repairmen, each with wrench in hand,
Arrived to probe my clunks and clanks;
And as they showed their Sears ID's
I welcomed them with open knees.

Now oft when on my couch I lie
In sensuous and receptive mood
I murmur what I can't deny:
There was no bliss in solitude;
And as my — with —— fills,
I bless the liberating pills. —*Wilhelmina Washworth*

Late dispatches from correspondents on the erotic front report that the sexual revolution has entered a post-revolutionary phase, and appears to be taking a detour into domesticity. The pill, super-weapon of the revolution, is no longer in favor. Once heralded as the liberator of women's randier instincts, unlocker of the heart, unchainer of the libido, uncrosser of the legs, estrogen has now been associated with too many side effects for comfort, and young women are backing off. How many blood clots is an orgasm worth? Yet the joys of sex once experienced are not so readily put aside. And since babies are not popular among the nubile these days, recourse is being had to old-style birth-inhibitors.

Lest this prove a downer to those who emerged from puberty at a time when the Chairman Maos of sex were preaching spontaneity at all costs, merchandisers of old favorites have taken to pushing not their contraceptive but their romantic connotations. Not much along these lines can be done for the diaphragm or the intrauterine device, but our admen have discovered potent aphrodisiac qualities in the common condom, or, as one firm has renamed it, the Conceptrol Shield.

Listen. From a firm called World Population Control, situated inside a post-office box in Newark, you can get "gossamer-thin, super-sensitive condoms" in unmarked wrappers. From Federal Pharmacal Laboratories in Chicago you can get four *new* sheaths: MAN-FORM PLUS, with its "scientific shape for greater freedom of movement"; TOUCH, "so thin it's the closest thing to nature's way yet"; MARDI-GRAS, "unusual and exotic colortones for a new sensual experience"; not to mention PASSION PLUS, a special "sexual aid used by the male partner."

What wonder that sales of condoms will reach $150 million this year, with all those young folks just starting out, color-coordinating their contraceptives with their bedroom drapes. Drugstores turned into boutiques and druggists into extremely interior designers. Saturday afternoons given over to holding swatches up to the light, testing for durability, checking out *Consumer Reports*, together.

Not much like my generation's approach. Our introduction on the streets of the Bronx, some years before we could possibly have found any use for the things, was not to contraceptives or prophylactics, but, forgive me, to scum bags. In time, refinement caused us to drop the adjective, but it was not until we actually went to do commerce with druggists that we got much more elegant. At the drugstore, the merchandise was not out there among the cosmetics. It was kept under the counter along with, we imagined, the opium and Spanish fly.

There was always an elderly lady being waited on when you went in to make a purchase, and it sometimes took ten or fifteen minutes of studying laxative labels before conditions were right to step up and murmur, "a pack of Trojans." Our introduction to Homer. With luck, the druggist would be sharp of hearing and the transaction would be speedily consummated, three for a quarter. Most likely, the merchandise would then be placed in the least accessible niche of one's wallet, there to remain while the need for its services, alas, kept not arriving. Certain boys were suspected of actually discarding one of the package—8⅓ cents' worth—so they could find a pretext for showing off the remaining two with a smirk. When the hour did finally strike, it meant something of a scramble through pants pockets and wallets only to find, as often as not, that the latex, purchased at the height of adolescent expectations four years earlier, had turned to dust.

The one thing none of us thought to do when it came to condoms was discuss them with the girl of our dreams. Oh, occasionally a wag would blow up a bag at a party and the girls would giggle and pretend to blush and the boys would guffaw and try not to blush, but by and large this was man's business. We didn't know for sure whether the condoms were better as prophylactics or as contraceptives, but being equally terrified of babies as of having our

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noses fall off, we forearmed ourselves with never a thought for the aesthetic dimension or a prospective partner's feelings.

Anyhow, at the appropriate occasion, if it ever came, who was in a state to reflect on whether powder blue seemed more in the spirit of the encounter than shocking pink? (One girl of the neighborhood was reputed to keep a supply in her night table, but hers was not a wholesome reputation.)

Today, with a spirit of equality and fair play in the saddle, enlightened young persons figure sex out together beforehand. "Jim doesn't use them because he has to. He uses them because we like them," says the pretty girl in the *Playboy* ad as she caresses her Jim's chest. This brand, the Stimula Sheath, is really something. It is "made with a new 'nude' latex that transmits body heat instantaneously." It is "supremely sensitive" as well as "anatomically shaped."

Not inviting enough? Turn the page to the ad from the Population Planning Association, for THE MOST SENSUOUS CONDOM IN THE WORLD. It features a picture of the top half of a woman smiling the smile of contentment; she is lying on her stomach, and over her is a man; his expression reverent as he reflects, one presumes, upon the profound womanly satisfaction he has just accorded her. In this position further protection may not actually be required by the Population Planning Association, but the product is too much fun not to use, "a Scandinavian best-seller... textured to provide maximum pleasure for both of you." How? Well, its "delicately ribbed surface gently massages the woman, while the contoured formfit provides the greatest sensitivity for the man." You can get it from a post-office box in North Carolina.

The possibilities of togetherness extend beyond the bedroom. We are talking, remember, about formfit. The young folks enter the tailoring establishment. While she selects the fabric, he, perhaps with the assistance of a paraprofessional, gets himself into a condition to be measured—length, girth, eccentricities of shape. The tailor politely pretends to be impressed. There will be drapings and fittings and finally a proper showing for the trade. Geoffrey Beane and Calvin Klein and Bill Blass and Yves St. Laurent will give of their talents or at least their names. (Do fashion designers need contraceptives?) There will be Paris openings. *Women's Wear Daily* will put out a special supplement.

But, no, that kind of coverage is too special. This is a product for the people, mass marketing stuff. Consider the firm called Horizon, which seems to be an international philanthropic institution: "Throughout the world, we serve one overriding principle—to make the act of love as easy, exciting and as satisfying as possible....Look for Horizon products in food, drug, liquor, convenience and tobacco stores." I must check my tobacconist, a Hispanic-American on West 38th Street.

Well, there goes the little lady, off to Pathmark:

"You need anything, dear?"

"Yeah, some blades and a dozen condoms."

"But I just bought a dozen last week and it wasn't exactly a record-setter for us, what with you working late Tuesday, Wednesday, and Thursday. Say, you been giving at the office?"

And here is the coming TV commercial:

[*Young wife, disconsolate, at kitchen table. Friend enters.*]

FRIEND: Hi, Thelma. Just dropped by to ask whether you and Phil want to join Harry and me tomorrow night for a rubber.

WIFE: Speaking of rubbers, Madge, the ones Phil uses sure do get in the way. It's like making love to a galosh.

FRIEND: I know what you mean. Intercourse was an abstraction until Harry and I switched to Suprema Sheath.

WIFE: Is that S-U-P-R-E-M-A?

FRIEND: Textured for greater vibration, snug fitting, and available in packages of three, twelve, and the 144-pack economy size.

WIFE: Gee, it sounds like the closest thing to nature's way yet. But is it reliable?

FRIEND: Just watch this. [*She whips a condom from her carryall, goes to the stove, and fills it with coffee grounds. Close-up of condom with coffee grounds.*] See how it retains its shape?

WIFE: And the polka dots are so elegant. I can hardly wait to surprise Phil.

[*Fade out. Fade in Thelma and Phil in bed. Movement. Groans, moans, and small screams.*]

THELMA: Mmmm, that body heat.

PHIL: It's like having nothing on at all.

BOTH: It's Suprema for us from now on.

ANNOUNCER: Suprema Sheaths have earned the Seal of Approval of Planned Parenthood, the Disease Control Center, and *Screw* magazine.

THELMA: Madge sure knows her rubbers.

[*Close up.*]

[*Movement.*] □

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F.S. Manor

# Liberal Terror

*A reply to Richard Merritt's article on German terrorism ("From Munich to Mogadishu," June/July 1978).*

In the Crimean War, Lord Raglan, who commanded the British troops sent against Russia, always referred to the Russian enemy as "the French." The noble lord had fought with Wellington and lost his right arm at Waterloo. Over the ensuing four decades, the geopolitical landscape of Europe had undergone drastic changes: Wellington's Russian allies became Britain's new enemies; and England's hereditary foes, the French, became Queen Victoria's gallant allies fighting side by side with Lord Raglan's forces. But it could never penetrate Lord Raglan's mind that an enemy could be anybody but the French.

Such indeed is the sway held by the tyranny of history: the British generals of World War I—the "donkeys" as they were called—still fighting the Boer War; in our day, the politicians and the "trained observers"—to borrow a term from Evelyn Waugh—in the media and the universities who, like Lord Raglan of yore, can conceive of one enemy only: the Germans.

This suspicion of democratic Germany, the rising expectation of a new Hitler and his Fourth Reich, has lasted for almost 30 years; and it is still going on. It is a story that is either tragic or hilarious, depending on one's viewpoint, and some of it bears repeating.

It began in 1949, but the big scare burst upon the world in January 1953 when, in an operation worthy of the Israelis at Entebbe, British security swooped upon the Düsseldorf home of one Dr. Werner Naumann, whereupon the British government announced to the astonished world that it had smashed Dr. Naumann's conspiracy to overthrow the Bonn government and become the "*Führer* of the future." Despite the hullabaloo, Chancellor Konrad Adenauer remained skeptical, and his skepticism proved justified when it transpired that the entire conspiracy consisted of seven people. Six months later Dr. Naumann was freed and nothing more has been heard of him.

The Naumann episode, however, failed to discourage the Nazi watchers. Their next big show came in 1967 when they saw the real *Führer* in the elegant personage of Adolf von Thadden. His National Party (NPD) polled all of seven percent of the votes cast in the Bavarian state election, and the same percentage in Lower Saxony. But this was enough for the alarm bells to ring in a frightening crescendo.

Scary headlines appeared all over the world, protest meetings against the new Nazi peril were held, and the Canadian Broadcasting Corporation, whose management always has considered itself the locomotive of history, was right there out front with a one-hour documentary on this new leader of future Nazi Germany. Millions watched this suave aristocrat, complete with castle and wolfhound, exude the charisma of a Harold Stassen; this latest Adolf could hardly keep a Salvation Army meeting awake, let alone set a Nuremberg rally on fire. (When the NPD folded in 1971, I suggested to the CBC that they sell the documentary to Mr. von Thadden as a home movie, thus recouping some of the tens of thousands of dollars the Canadian taxpayers were forced to spend on this venture—the CBC being a tax-supported public corporation.)

Today, with a dearth of suitable *Führer* candidates, even poor Helmut Schmidt will do; and here we go again, waiting for the *Führer*. The latest campaign was triggered by the anti-terrorist measures voted in the German *Bundestag* last fall. These provisions, though far milder than those applied by the British in Northern Ireland, or by the French in any criminal case, were enough to take the scare headlines out of mothballs; and since September 1977 the Western world has again been treated to word pictures of the Germans rushing in a lemming-like panic headless into the embrace of a new right-wing tyranny.

This provided an unexpected boon for the self-styled Stockholm Tribunal—that misbegotten, scurrilous offspring of Bertrand Russell. The tribunal—judge, jury, and hangman all in one—solemnly "sat" in Frankfurt to accuse and convict democratic Germany of crass political discrimination: The German government does not allow Communists (or Nazis, for that matter, but the Russellites somehow overlooked this) to join the civil service. The verdict was a clarion call at the sound of which all the born-again Raglans sprang to attention. The one solid European democracy within the steadily shrinking ranks of free nations has again become the Hun, the main target of left-wing doomsayers.

Among the chorus we also find the voice of Professor Richard Merritt tutting in the pages of the June/July issue of *The American Spectator*, repeating the tired left-wing clichés and shopworn charges that in Germany security may be placed above personal freedom, that nonconformists may be *persecuted* (my italics in deference to Andy Young's thousands of political prisoners), that a climate of uncertainty persists.

All this is presented blandly, with many question marks and in a somewhat peculiar syntax, in an effort—to paraphrase George Ball on Israel—to save Germany despite itself. But the impression the reader will gather is that doom is nigh—the Nazis are coming. It is pernicious nonsense, either malicious or unbelievably naive. Both of Professor Merritt's criticisms, of the so-called *Berufsverbot*, that is, the exclusion of extremists from public service, and of the treatment of terrorist suspects and their lawyers, show strange indifference towards the two dangers that assail democracies everywhere.

The term *Berufsverbot*, which translates as a ban to exercise one's profession, is a mendacious slogan cleverly invented by the Left, and more likely than not being of East Berlin provenance. The effort to present it as something new is false propaganda. The ban ("the prohibition against the exercise of one's profession by one whose views diverge from the 'official' line," is Professor Merritt's definition) became part of the German Constitution—

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largely upon the urging of the Allies—in September 1950. The constitutional clause bars all members of the Communist Party and of other extremist organizations on the Left and Right from public service. When introducing the clause, Chancellor Adenauer told the *Bundestag*, "Public officials should serve and further the democratic order." Have times changed so much that we should now think otherwise?

Despite the ban, over the years a number of West German universities have fallen into Marxist hands, and only a few months ago I heard depressing reports from German professors describing how such universities function: The "collective" that comprises janitors, clerks, technicians as well as teaching staff decides on tenure, on the hiring of new teachers, on courses to be taught. The universities have produced a plethora of Marxist professors whose teachings have taken their toll: Young people have been educated to hold democracy in contempt, as may be seen from some of the definitions of socialism published by the Socialist Union of High School Students in 1973. The students preached class war, saying socialism was not a democracy for the monopolists, the press czars, and the reactionary parties. Is Germany then to provide freedom for these enemies of freedom?

Such conditions, as well as the growing terrorism, caused Willy Brandt—another unlikely candidate for *Führer*—in a 1972 government decree to set down guidelines for the application of the constitutional provisions of 1950. Despite these measures, at the end of 1975 there were employed in German public services 611 extremists of the Right and 1,789 extremists of the Left. In the school system there were 85 neo-Nazis and 760 leftist extremists. Of the latter, 551 taught in elementary and high schools and 209 at universities.* No wonder then that the Left is howling: The figures show all too clearly whose ox is being gored by the government's 1972 legislation. Indeed, one wonders whether we would have heard about the *Berufsverbot* if the figures had been reversed and the majority hit by the ban were neo-Nazis.

The stories propagated by the left wing about the hardships caused by the ban—the railroad engine-driver, the hospital nurse, and the army cook who were deprived of their livelihood because of their Communist affiliation—sound plausible enough until one considers the vast array of Soviet forces massed a few miles from the German borders. In a military emergency, an engine-driver or an army cook could play a sinister role.

Professor Merritt is correct when he writes that the Germans are still carrying the burden of their Nazi past. Part of this burden is their vivid memory of the Weimar bureaucracy that did not consider loyalty to a democratic state its overriding objective. In the late 1920s and early 1930s German judges, police officers, and other civil servants often thought—and acted upon this conviction—that the Nazi boys were a somewhat rough bunch, but their hearts were in the right place. Never again, the Germans say, remembering the dictum of Raymond Aron that a loyal democrat cannot but be an anti-Communist.

To be a Communist (of whatever hue) or a Nazi is to be actively engaged in efforts to introduce a regime that would supplant free democracy and abolish human rights. Yet Professor Merritt defines such extremists as those "whose views diverge from the 'official' line." Is democracy then nothing more than a party line? Is it something on par with Proposition 13, medicare, or busing? And why the quotes around "official"? Is German democracy considered to be the line of the officials rather than of the people? This is a strange controversion of values.

In an equally strange formulation, Professor Merritt writes that the conservative press "has been conducting its own journalistic terror campaign against left-wing intellectuals some of whom have on occasion taken stances that make them appear to be sympathizers of the RAF and similar groups." A favorite target, Professor Merritt goes on, "has been the Nobel Laureate Heinrich Böll."

I do not know what stances Nobel Laureates take, other than on golf courses, but if Professor Merritt is referring to some of Mr. Böll's statements, these sound somewhat more conclusive than he allows. Here are a few samples: The state has persecuted the terrorists by mercilessly hunting them down (*"der Staat hat die Terroristen in gnadenloser Jagd verfolgt"*); [some newspapers have been guilty of] a merciless baiting of Ulrike Meinhof (*"gnadenlose Hetze gegen Ulrike Meinhof"*—the word *Hetze* being customarily employed in relation to pogroms, such as in *Judenhetze*); or, the German state represents a remnant of a putrefying power-structure(*"Reste verfaulender Macht"*). Nothing ambiguous in these colorful statements. Indeed, one can see that a Nobel Prize for fiction hardly bestows upon the recipient a mantle of political infallibility, or even of political nous.

On May 30, 1978, the Federal Court (*Bundesgerichtshof*)—a federal court of appeal—dismissed a libel suit launched by Mr. Böll against Mathias Walden, chief political commentator of Radio Free Berlin. Mr. Walden had accused Mr. Böll of contributing to the climate of violence by expressing (in statements such as those quoted above) his sympathy for the terrorists. The court ruled that Mr. Walden's comments were justified.

Professor Merritt's use of the term "journalistic terror campaign" is intolerably offensive. It equates a respectable newspaper such as *Die Welt*, which has taken a courageous stand against the fashionable but self-destructive views of the left-wing intelligentsia, with the murderous gangs of terrorists who mow down innocent bystanders and brutally murder public figures.

Equally disturbing are the professor's worries over "the self-censorship exercised during the recent crisis by the media, which cancelled police shows that seemed too provocative and accepted government requests not to air videotapes provided by the terrorists." And what, pray, is wrong with that? To have titillated viewers with sensational films (I presume by "police shows" Professor Merritt means thrillers) at a time when human lives were at stake, or to have screened videotapes that propagated the murderers' cause, would have been the peak of irresponsibility. Unfortunately, a responsible attitude that should be the mark of an editor conscious of his duty to the community always seems to provoke a knee-jerk cry of censorship from those for whom the stealing of their own country's secrets is among the greatest achievements of investigative journalism.

Professor Merritt devotes much space to the laws passed in September 1977 that provide for the isolation of detained terrorists during an emergency, and aim at putting an end to the abuse of privilege by left-wing lawyers who have acted as the terrorists' go-betweens and arms-suppliers. True enough, only a few lawyers have been guilty of violating their professional ethics. Nonetheless, proportionately their number is far greater than that of hijackers among the millions of air travellers. Yet few, if any, travellers object to the strict personal searches when boarding an aircraft. In the same way, there is nothing degrading or demeaning in searching lawyers who enter prisons or courtrooms. Like the searching of air passengers, it is a symptom of our times in which the old axioms no longer obtain, having been successfully demolished by the consenting liberals of Mr. Böll's ilk.

The German authorities had been so scrupulous that they had abstained from arresting known terrorists since, at the time police suspicions were aroused, the evidence against them would not have stood up in a court of law. Later, these police suspicions proved all too justified as the suspects, left at large, went about their

* Figures published on April 13, 1976, by the German federal ministry of the interior.



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murderous business. They included Hans-Joachim Klein who, on December 21, 1975, took part in the kidnapping of OPEC officials in Vienna; Wilfried Böse, one of the terrorists killed at Entebbe; Günter Sonnenberg, Knut Folkerts, and Christian Klar, the assassins of the federal prosecutor-general, Siegfried Buback.

There are times—as was recognized in the republican constitution of ancient Rome, *rei gerundae causa*—when the security of democracy against subversion, and the security of the citizen against terror, must take precedence over a false liberalism that places freedom and tyranny, terror and law, on the same level. We are living in such times and no country is immune from the plague of international terrorism. In these circumstances the new liberal assault on democratic Germany leaves a bad taste in the mouths of those who had suffered from Nazism, fought against Hitler's armies, and now see a new enemy—one with the same concentration camps, the same anti-Semitic trials, and the same suppression of human rights—being abetted by these contemporary Raglans who, imprisoned in their past, do not seem to realize whose dirty work they are doing. □

THE PUBLIC POLICY
*by*
*Roger Starr*

# Controlling Rents, Razing Cities

Everybody hates to pay rent. No other expenditure—except perhaps alimony—returns so little satisfaction to the spender. No matter how absurd inflated prices seem to someone who must buy clothes, food, or any of the other necessities or pleasures of life, he can assuage his pain with the prospect of getting something he never had before: a new suit, shining on the rack; a new piece of meat to chew on; a new trip; a new broom. But every month the rent-payers of the world find themselves forced to pay once again for what they already have. Even the owner of a house, making a mortgage payment on the home he has been living in for years, derives some satisfaction from the knowledge that he has reduced his debt and increased what he calls his "equity" in the house. The rent-payer has none.

Years ago, on behalf of a non-profit group interested in proving that decent housing could be provided in old tenements by an owner content with moderate profits, I supervised the rehabilitation of such a tenement. We raised rents barely enough to pay back the cost of improvements over a 20-year period. A tenant complained about the increase that brought his rent to $60 a month. I pointed to the improvements we had made in his apartment: a bathroom, for the first time; oil heat; a modern kitchen; new window frames—didn't he like all this? Oh, yes, he said, he liked it, but, after all, the apartment didn't belong to him, it belonged to me. Why should he pay for it? I have struggled all these years to find a pithy answer.

If no one likes to pay rent, why shouldn't it be regulated by law so that politicians can take credit for the largesse? One reason only. It doesn't work.

Unfortunately, the apparent immediate benefits of rent control are obvious to a large number of people, while its destructiveness takes longer to notice. As a result, rent control appears to be not only a supremely popular government activity where there are large numbers of tenants; it even, and perhaps more dangerously, offers the satisfaction of high morality to the legislators who support it. They believe they are fighting inflation, and helping poor tenants against rich landlords, although, ironically, rent control is never—to my knowledge—based on the tenant's ability to pay (far too complicated even for the hungriest bureaucracy to administer). Thus, protected tenants may be richer than the owners of the buildings in which they rent.

The immediate peril of the rent control fallacy is that it seems to be spreading. For years, New York was alone among big cities with rent control. This distinction is now shared by Washington and Boston. Newark has rent control. Miami Beach has it. The New Jersey legislature is now debating a statewide bill establishing rent control standards to guide localities—which in many cases have leaped ahead to install their own versions. Los Angeles held an unofficial "Town Hall" meeting to discuss rent control in December of last year; the interest in rent control in California will surely be stimulated by the passage of Proposition 13. The reduction in real property taxes will inspire a demand that government ensure that the tax savings be passed on to the tenant. Anyone who understands the economics of housing would expect that lower real property taxes will inevitably produce lower rents because of their stimulation of construction and rehabilitation and ensuing competition; but no one ever wants to wait for natural processes when there's a laxative handy for landlords.

Thus, my tenant who didn't want to pay for improvements to the apartment he merely lived in, did not want to be told that it would take years for the owner to recoup what had been put into rehabilitation, without which the house would soon have crumbled completely. He preferred to assume that the cost of fixing his apartment was somehow "over" when the reconstruction was complete and the last painter had rolled up his dropcloths and gone home.

Most of us forget that the new costs of a home last as long as it does. Installing the oil burner in the tenement house was a one-time capital expense—but to buy oil, to service the radiators, pipes, and boiler, to check the bills from the oil company, and to pay the electricity bill for driving the

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atomizer and blower, the owner spends continuously—more, as prices rise. If I owned the whole world, I could, like the Soviet government, increase the prices of clothing, food, and automobiles to cover my losses on rent. Soviet citizens always boast about their low rents, and refuse to draw the connection between the low price of rent and the high price of all other government-furnished goods and services.

One need not be ruler of the world to establish low rents. A simpler method is to repeal all laws mandating housing safety and health standards. Wealthy tenants would still be able to demand quality housing as a condition of moving in, just as they do now. Poor tenants would get cheap rents, but their housing would probably be miserable, as it was when the first housing laws were passed more than 100 years ago: no heat, no light, no air, no bathrooms, insufficient space to live decently. Tenants would get the impression that they were paying low rents, but if they wanted to stay warm, dry, and healthy, they would have to supply these qualities for themselves. The cost of supplying them would have to be added to the payments to the landlord to get the true rental cost, which would end up exactly where it is now—too high for many low-income families to afford.

Thus, rent control is meaningless unless it forces owners of buildings to maintain the quality of their apartments. This is much harder even than controlling prices, but the two—price and quality—are integrally connected, as the reformers discovered when they started passing laws raising the minimum standards of housing quality. One of the earliest housing reforms by American city governments was the requirement that every room people lived in (technically called a "living room," but not in the sense in which that term is used today) have a window to the outside air. This made housing more expensive because it cut down the number of living rooms in buildings or the size of the building that could be put on a fixed amount of ground (because the inside of the structure could no longer be used for living rooms). The reformers believed that rents would not necessarily rise because of the rise in costs; they believed that the increased cost would simply reduce the monopolistic profits which landlords got from their tenants.

Rent control today is based, though perhaps not explicitly, on the same two premises. First, that tenants are the victims of a monopoly pricing system which rent control corrects, and second, that without rent control, large numbers of apartments that meet housing standards would be priced out of the reach of moderate- and low-income families. We should examine each proposition.

The hypothesis that rental housing is controlled by a monopoly simply does not square with the facts in American cities. By far the largest single owner of apartment houses in New York City is the New York City Housing Authority, an agency of the municipal government. It owns less than ten percent of the rental apartments in the city. No private owner owns as many as five percent. Nor do the apartments of the city resemble a monopoly: They differ widely in age, size, style of construction, and location. The thousands of individual owners vary in wealth, professional skill, ownership motive, and access to capital. This is true in every American city.

Those who claim rent control is necessary supplement the imaginary owning monopoly with the allegation that a "real estate lobby" must be held in check. It is true that owners of real estate—the source of most cities' tax revenue—were able to dominate the courts for many years. They established a form of lease that was very favorable to the landlord, and correspondingly unfavorable to the tenant. Subsequent to the days when the real estate lobbies overwhelmed local legislatures, changes occurred. Real estate taxes were reduced to a much smaller part of the total city revenue. Tenant and public-interest groups became active and politically powerful. And, most important, the pace of apartment-house construction quickened to the point at which monopolistic control over prices became a practical impossibility.

Rent control came to almost all major American cities during World War II when the Office of Price Administration was controlling all prices. War made housing a natural monopoly because the government decreed that no manpower or material resources could be used for any construction not directly related to military needs. In most cities, except New York, the end of the war marked the end of rent control. Restrictive situations other than war—as when American blacks faced serious discrimination in obtaining housing in white areas—subjected rents to monopolistic manipulation. Like war, they made rent control seem a reasonable effort to protect tenants from exploitation. But that rarely remains its sole or its major objective; instead, its objective becomes the perpetuation of low rents and unchallengeable tenure for those tenants who happen to be protected by it, usually those tenants who have moved least often, or not at all, and who thus constitute a firm political power base for elected legislators and administrators.

The bias in favor of protecting tenants who have not moved is perfectly natural: It is always easier, politically, to permit rents to rise when an apartment becomes vacant; like the high price of shoes in Russia, the high rent of a vacant apartment makes up for part of the losses on continuously occupied apartments. All rent control systems, therefore, depend on a change of tenancy to provide the owner relief from the squeeze of increased costs against fixed rental income.

Favoritism toward the tenant-in-occupancy (who, as we shall see, is in a weaker position than the prospective tenant looking for an apartment) has two very unfortunate results. First, it does not relate economic need to the benefit conferred by rent control. People who remain in their apartments without moving for the longest period of time are not necessarily those of lowest income and greatest financial need. In an industrial city, the highest turnover rates are usually found among the poorest people who are most likely to have to move in pursuit of work, or because they can't pay rent, or because the building in which they live becomes so unprofitable that its owner abandons it. Under New York's venerable rent control system, it became clear long ago that the *top floor* apartments in six-story, walk-up tenements had higher legal rent ceilings than all other apartments in the buildings. This happened because top floor apartments were the worst, occupied by the poorest tenants. Consequently, they turned over most frequently. The better apartments could not legally be rented at market rents, while the worse apartments could not be marketed at the rents to which they were legally eligible, a topsy-turvy consequence of rent control.

The second defect that follows inevitably from favoring the tenant-in-residence is the gross misallocation of housing space. Few tenants go through life without changing their need for space. Younger people marry, and have children. When they are very young, boys and girls occupy the same room. As the family grows, it should move to larger quarters. But the economic benefit of staying in one's original rent-controlled apartment tends to slow down the move to new quarters despite the desire for a larger apartment. In the very same building as the growing family, there may live a shrinking family, whose children have left to live on their own. The parents now rattle about in an apartment for which they have no use because their continued occupancy makes it a bargain. Rent control has encouraged families to occupy space which does not suit them, and which can only be duplicated at the far greater cost of new construction.

Somewhat less poignant for individual families, but of even greater significance to the city as a whole, is the waste of *public* space which rent control entails. To understand it, we should ask what governments seek to accomplish when they regulate the prices of monopolies like power utilities. Because in distributing electric power the cost of competition is prohibitive, or nearly so, the regulatory authorities ideally seek to establish by administrative action a fair price per kilowatt/hour. Usually, this is deemed to be the lowest price at which the service can be sold while covering all costs of operation with a profit large enough to attract needed new capital. The pricing process is filled with pitfalls and argu-



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mentative issues even in the case of electricity.

Defining the price for a rent-controlled apartment is even more difficult. Electricity can be measured by instruments. It is uniform. Because of the diversity and imprecision in defining housing quality, there can be no standard rent per room/month. Rent control law usually assumes that the price of an apartment at the time it came into effect is a fair basic price. At their most theoretical, rent regulators claim to modify the base price of each apartment as operating costs vary—raising it as costs rise, lowering it as services are cut in a specific building. In practice, their attempts to modify the legal rent for tenants in continuing possession *always* fall short of the reality of increased costs, and *always* result in diminished services in a period of inflation. But even if rising costs of operation were covered by rent increases, no rent control scheme can provide for the increased value of the land on which an apartment house is built, as some areas of a city inevitably become more attractive while others decline.

Having started with the claim that it is directed against a landlord monopoly, rent control creates instead a tenant monopoly that distorts land value downward or, at best, prevents a municipality from taking advantage of its major economic asset, the value of locations that are in high demand.

Thus, when a section of the city becomes popular, attracting people who would cheerfully pay higher rents to live there, the apartments remain instead in the hands of tenants who are forbidden to pay a market rent, even if they wished to. Inevitably, the city loses the tax revenues it could charge on a more profitable property, unless it permits someone to demolish the building, replacing it with a larger one containing far more expensive accommodations.

Even if its owner decides to demolish an old building on valuable land, however, rent control regulations discourage him. Rent-controlled tenants are specially protected against having to move. Even if rent controls are not imposed on new construction, the delays met in the course of finding new apartments for rent-controlled tenants from the older building encourage landlords to keep apartments empty as they become vacant. The underutilization that results from this is grossly against the general interest. Ultimately, the losers include not only those who would move into the apartments now vacant, and the owner of the building who sacrifices rents to make his building more saleable, but also the city as a whole and those who require its services, paid in large part by the tax revenues derived from the value of land in great demand. Since those who need the most municipal services are poor, the misuse of land value is one more indication of the way in which rent control serves people who do not need its help at the expense of the poor. It tends to be a middle-class subsidy.

Proponents of rent control argue both that their laws shield tenants from monopolistic exploitation and that they are necessary because government standards for housing have destroyed a free market in any case. It is now time to examine this second hypothesis.

From the simplest of requirements—like the insistence on a window in every room—government housing standards have been built into an immense structure of law. Its provisions govern the dimensions of buildings and their component parts like hallways, doorways, and fire escapes. They govern maintenance procedures like winter temperature and painting. They govern administrative procedures like the posting of owners' and agents' names in public spaces. They may soon be expanded to include the licensing of owners and agents everywhere, a requirement that has already been imposed in some cities.

All of these standards make housing more expensive to build and operate, but the process of raising them still higher is extremely seductive to state and city lawmakers. They believe that the passing of laws like these really helps tenants by making their homes more habitable. But because they make housing more expensive, they succeed in pricing new housing, that fully conforms with all the new standards, out of reach of a continually growing number of tenants. Because the constant rise in cost makes new housing prohibitively expensive for moderate-income tenants, the older housing that provides lower-cost rentals becomes a precious asset. We must, say the rent control advocates, protect the older housing by *rent control* so that this precious asset will be saved.

The responsibility for doing something to ensure that everyone has access to housing that meets its standards is unquestionably a government responsibility. Properly, if it takes its standards seriously, government should tax everyone to enable those who need financial help to enjoy the same standards as anyone else. Expecting rent control to be a cheap way to provide standard housing for the needy is as absurd as using great white sharks for lifeguards: They are cheaper than people, but they destroy the drowning. While rent control keeps down the rents in older buildings that originally met the standards imposed by law, it also slows the flow of capital into these buildings that is needed to keep them well maintained. The lower the original rents, the faster the deterioration. Using rent control as a substitute for governmental subsidies is simply a perverse, regressive way of enabling better-off tenants to escape the taxation necessary to pay such subsidies while accelerating the decay of the housing in which all tenants live; and the housing of the poorer tenants, likely not to be fully standard in the first place, deteriorates more quickly than that of the middle-income tenants. To the extent that landlords are unwilling to throw new money into a deteriorating building, the quality standards that rent control allegedly protects are, instead, slowly destroyed. Rent control does not replace the marketplace which quality standards impair; it merely proffers a false solution to the real question of how much government money should be spent to raise housing standards for those who cannot afford housing without help.

There is, however, one respect in which the market for rental housing does not work, and this is the area in which some government action is indicated, even wise. While rent control *over*protects the tenant-in-occupancy, there nevertheless is a basic justification for protecting him to a reasonable extent. In the nature of things, the tenant whose lease expires is at a serious disadvantage compared with the tenant who is on the outside looking for an apartment. Only the tenant-in-occupancy is put to extraordinary expense when he turns down the landlord's offer of a new lease. While the shopper looking for a new suit or a steak can simply look elsewhere if the price he is asked is unsatisfactory, the tenant-in-occupancy must move his home. Always an expensive process, moving may involve re-cutting carpets, draperies, and bookcases. The tenant-in-occupancy, at a time of housing shortage, tends to accept a new rent which the tenant outside would not. Sometimes he will refuse to accept a rent asked by the owner, who will then find himself with an empty apartment because he has overestimated the demand for his apartments. →



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A sensible program to strengthen the natural rental market would offer the tenant-in-occupancy enough protection to put him in the same position as the tenant outside. One suggestion has been to require an owner to offer the tenant-in-occupancy a new lease ninety days before the expiration of his current lease. The owner would be allowed to ask whatever rent he chooses, but the figure would become a matter of public record with an appropriate governmental board. The board would also set, each year, a figure for the "normal" rent increase, based on the general increase of housing costs within the past twelve months. If the owner decided to ask no more than the "normal" increase, the tenant would have to accept a new lease at that figure, or move. But if the owner asked more than the "normal" increase, the tenant could choose, instead, to remain at his present rental until the owner finds someone willing to pay at least the rent that he had asked of the tenant. Faced by the possibility of foregoing any increase at all for a long period of time, the landlord would presumably ask for more than the "normal" increase only in areas of great market strength. But the final decision would be left to him, giving him the opportunity to run his own business without allowing him to exact from the tenant-in-possession any more than he could get from the tenant outside.

Naturally, tenant groups object to this procedure because it does not give absolute renewal rights to the tenant-in-possession. The resistance of these groups indicates that, for them, the real purpose of rent control is not to provide a real market in the face of monopolistic interference, but to provide cheap rents for tenants who already have apartments and to assure their permanent tenure wherever they happen to live.

This motive is not in the public interest, but it is politically very attractive in areas with many rental apartments. What must be examined is its costs.

The first cost is the diversion of a very large sum of money from the hands of the owners of rental property into the pockets of tenants, without reference to whether or not the tenants need this form of subsidization. The question which immediately rises, but cannot so readily be answered, is how much damage this diversion of income does to the quality and supply of rental housing.

Advocates of rent control insist that no one has proved that it is this deprivation of income that has caused the deterioration and abandonment of rental housing properties in New York City, which has had rent control since 1947. A tremendous amount of housing has been abandoned in New York City, and over a million violations of the housing codes are on record in other buildings. It is true that abandonment has taken place in many other cities which have no rent control but have been subject to the same decline of economic capacity as New York has. How, then, can one say that rent control was responsible for New York's housing decay? The answer is that one can never *prove* economic events in the real world, as one can chemical reactions in a laboratory. One can't even prove that rent control alone caused the gap of about $400 million a year between the rents needed to keep housing in New York in good condition and the rents actually collected (this according to a Rand Corporation study conducted in 1970). Even without rent control, people might have been unable to pay rents adequate to maintain housing in good condition. But there is enough evidence to satisfy any objective observer that *some*, indeed a very significant part, of the deterioration in the better buildings of New York has been due to rent control.

New York differs from other older cities in the very large portion of its families who live in rental housing. While in other cities the lowest-income families and a few of the highest rent their homes, in New York apartment houses constitute a significant part of the housing lived in by the middle class. For these people, rent control offered a truly golden opportunity to cut down on their housing expenses in favor of spending their money on optional pleasures: winters in Florida, summers abroad, second homes. Draining the customary portion of current income from the buildings they lived in meant that these same buildings suffered from maintenance undone, gradual deterioration, and a desperate, but rational, move by their owners to discount the future and grab whatever instant return was available—through renting to welfare families, for example. This had the effect of hastening turnover. Rent control advocates, who are quick to counsel their followers to take advantage of every opportunity the law offers them to minimize housing costs, pretend that the owners of buildings should be motivated by something other than economics. In fact, the combination of rent control and natural cupidity produced the deterioration of middle-class areas at the same time that it stimulated a demand for government intervention to produce new housing for the very people who should have been living in the formerly middle-class apartments.

Rent control, then, produced a political demand for massive state and city investment in mortgages to build new housing to replace deteriorating older housing. Between the state and city governments as much as $3 billion has been invested in so-called Mitchell Lama Housing in New York City since 1955. The great majority of these buildings are now in arrears on their mortgage payments. Rent control not only forced the construction of these developments—through the deterioration of the older, decent stockpile of housing and the irrational use of space—but it also remained as a formidable price competitor for the housing in which the government placed so heavy an investment. Recognizing that a government which had built housing for them would not dare to evict them, tenants and tenant co-operators in middle-income projects have refused to pay rent increases, gone on "rent strikes," and otherwise contributed to the financial pains of the state and city. "We were lured out of our rent-controlled apartment houses," said the strike leadership committee of Co-op City. Its 15,500 apartments made it the largest such project. Its mortgage of more than $400 million, borrowed by the state, is hopelessly in arrears. Rent control has not only spread disease among decent, older buildings, but has destroyed the cure which it made necessary.

Indeed, the most serious offense against the public good that rent control commits is its debasement of public discourse and corrosion of the political process. No elected official in New York City dares to admit publicly that there is a connection between housing deterioration and government control of rents. None dares to say that a government which borrows for the purpose of providing housing for middle-class families must be able to demand adequate rents from the beneficiaries of its policy. Tenant groups ritualistically publish their own newspapers, attacking the notion that rent control hurts housing. "Flight of Capital—not rent controls—causes building abandonment" trumpets a headline in the December 1977 issue of the *Heights & Valley Free News*, published by the Columbia Tenants Union. There is no suggestion that capital flees from housing not because the owners of buildings want it to flee, but because it has been destroyed by uneconomic rental levels. As rent control becomes a permanent way of life in New York City, the political spokesmen become accustomed to pretending that no-cost economics works. No one can run for office without agreeing that the payment of rent is a surrender to the greed of landlords.

Any state or city which is persistently told by candidates for public office that the cost of capital is unreal, and that consumer appetites can be satisfied without pain, should expect to find itself in financial trouble. The attitudes fostered by rent control—attitudes which support the myth that social benefits cost nothing—are largely responsible for New York's financial condition today. It finds itself, like the owners of most rent-controlled apartment houses, facing the demand of citizens for services whose costs they refuse to pay, and at its back it hears from the reluctant bankers who will not continue to finance a venture whose expenses exceed its income. Cities that consider imposing rent controls as a cheap way to insure low rents will get a better idea of its real costs by studying New York—not only its towering housing, but its towering debts. □



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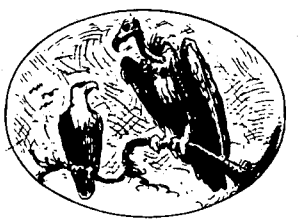
THE NATION'S PULSE
*by*
*Peter J. Rusthoven*



# Reporters in the Slammer

The jailing of *New York Times* reporter Myron Farber for contempt of court, and the Supreme Court's recent decision permitting the police to search news offices if they obtain a warrant, have raised yet again the issue of whether and to what extent the media are entitled to preserve the confidentiality of their sources and other investigative material. Though it has come into focus primarily in the last decade or so, this controversy has been sharply, frequently, and at times bitterly joined, usually in a clash between the press and the judiciary. The questions involved are extraordinarily difficult to answer, mainly because most of the suggested remedies to the problem seem fraught with potential for abuse.

The Farber case fairly typifies the conflict between the courts and the media over journalistic confidentiality. A man in New Jersey is on trial for murder. He contends that Farber, while doing investigative reporting work, has obtained information that would be favorable to his defense. Not unreasonably, he would like to take a look at that material. Farber, backed up by his employer, refuses to produce his notes, claiming that to do so would undermine his credibility and effectiveness as a reporter and violate his professional standards. The judge, apparently attempting to effect some sort of compromise, orders that the notes be turned over to him for a preliminary review to determine if they indeed contain information relevant to the murder trial. Farber and the *Times* persist in their refusal, Farber is jailed and the paper fined for contempt of court, and the lawyers are on their way to the Supreme Court. Ironically, these events take place in one of the states which, in response to the Supreme Court's 1972 decision holding that reporters could be compelled to testify before grand juries in criminal investigations, had enacted a supposedly "absolute" shield law to prohibit forced disclosure by journalists of information they consider confidential.

The reaction of the press to the Farber case and similar incidents has been predictable and virtually uniform. Though varying in tone from the thoughtful to the well-nigh hysterical, commentary throughout the media has applauded defiance of court orders to disclose information and deplored those who would force a reporter to choose between going to jail for contempt and violating his professional obligations as a journalist. The virtues of the First Amendment are given heavy emphasis in every editorial on this topic. The press, never reticent about its value as a watchdog of freedom and its vital role in the preservation of the Republic, waxes especially rhetorical on such matters when journalistic confidentiality is at stake. Without absolute confidentiality, it is argued, the media's ability to perform its tasks will be seriously and perhaps irreparably damaged. Moreover, the door will then be open to government abuse of the sort envisioned in fiction by George Orwell. With the exception of a few newspapers such as the *Wall Street Journal*, the press will scarcely concede that there is *any* question as to how the issue should be resolved, much less a difficult one.

The countervailing considerations, however, are in fact fairly easy to perceive. If one happens to be on trial for murder, like the gentleman in New Jersey, the importance of a fair trial at which all evidence favorable to the accused may be introduced —a concept which also finds sanction in the Constitution—will likely seem considerably more compelling than the self-imposed standards of professional journalists. Conversely, as in the grand jury situation or police searches of news offices, the public's interest in its own security and in the prevention and punishment of crime may, in certain circumstances, appear more important than the confidentiality of a reporter's sources. After all, individual citizens are subject to police search of their homes if a warrant is obtained, and are routinely compelled to testify before grand juries about matters which they deem confidential. Why, one might ask, should the press not be subject to the same requirements, protected by no more than the traditional safeguards that apply to all members of society?

The answer, of course, is that for all its self-righteous posturing, the press does in fact have a special role to play in our public life, and one which may indeed require special protection to be effectively performed. Contrary to so many in the media, however, I believe a question remains as to where one should draw the line. And, as in all situations where the perceived self-interest of the press itself is involved, the fact that the media will in large part control public discourse on their own fate hardly augments the chances for arriving at a fair and reasonable solution.

It is both true and significant that there is no effective watchdog on the press itself. Michael Gartner, editor of the *Des Moines Register & Tribune*, aptly points out in an August article in the *Wall Street Journal* that "editors and reporters know far more than they're willing to print—and much of what they absolutely refuse to print is about their own activities." Moreover, the media seem to view themselves as exempt from many of the criticisms and arguments they regularly and sometimes gleefully direct at others. One will find little sympathy among network news commentators for the major automobile manufacturers, and frequent suggestions are made that such a concentration of power in the hands of a few should perhaps not be countenanced. Yet the three major networks constitute a concentration of influence—characterized by remarkable homogeneity in outlook—unrivaled in this country. You will wait in vain, however, to hear Walter Cronkite express serious reservations about *that* problem. Similarly, the doctrine of executive privilege and confidentiality,

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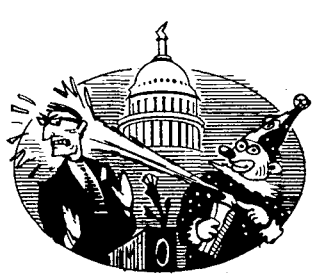
however Mr. Nixon may be thought to have abused it, involves issues that go to the heart of effective functioning of the most important public office in our system. But the bulk of the press had little trouble dismissing such contentions as so much dodge and subterfuge. I doubt that I will ever see, however, an editorial in my local newspaper suggesting that a reporter claiming journalistic privilege might have something to hide.

There *is* room in our system for a qualified privilege of journalistic confidentiality, and none of us would endorse any form of governmental supervision or censorship. But that privilege need not and should not be as sweeping as the media apparently think, and more generally, their arrogance on this score could use some tempering. The attorney-client privilege, for example, has far deeper roots in our legal heritage than the concept of "freedom of the press" as it is now understood. Yet on a sufficient showing of necessity and hardship, a litigant may secure from a court access to the confidential work of an adverse attorney. Similarly, while all the evidence is not yet in, *in camera* screening by the courts of arguably sensitive material seemed to work fairly well when claims of executive privilege were advanced in the Watergate trials.

Being subjected to similar rules, reflecting a special level of protection commensurate with the importance of the press to a free society, would hardly destroy the field of journalism, just as such procedures appear not to have destroyed the legal profession or permanently crippled the Presidency. The press rightly cherishes its status as a private and independent institution, albeit one with a special function to perform in our Republic. That special function dictates a need for special protection, but does not justify the claim for total exemption from the obligations, imposed both on other private institutions and on ordinary citizens, that so many in the media currently advance. □

CAPITOL IDEAS
*by*
*Tom Bethell*



# Dope in the White House

Returning from New York to Washington can be a dispiriting experience, especially in the monsoon season. The Washington atmospherics may be sodden, but the mental climate is leaden. As the Metroliner heaved and swayed precariously from Pennsylvania Station into New Jersey, I decided that there really must be some deception inherent in politics that works to convince one, day in, day out, that the trivial is crucial, the ephemeral lasting.

No doubt it would be possible, although bad for morale, to go through old newspapers in the Library of Congress and read the dispatches of the reporters in Chester Arthur's day, seeing them agonize their way from one "crisis" to the next; all forgotten and unimportant today, and doubtless never possessing the importance with which they were invested at the time. All of which made the prospect of Washington seem even more tedious. Chester Arthur... Jimmy Carter...Arthur Chester...before nodding off to that refrain I stood up to find the refreshment car.

There I spotted an acquaintance, a political consultant named Mark Shields. He pointed out that an investigative squad from the Interstate Commerce Commission was on board, going around with stopwatches, checking departure times, luggage racks, and other minutiae. This, as he said, seemed to be a bit like rearranging the deck chairs on the Titanic, in view of the frenzied way the train was jumping about.

It wasn't long before we began talking about politics. I put up token resistance at first, recalling the trivia of Chester Arthur, but the up-to-date gossipy details of politics act like a drug in the bloodstream. "Have you heard the latest about Peter Bourne...?" "What's going to happen in the Massachusetts Senate race...?" "Is John Warner going to blow it in Virginia...?" (Probably.) Yes, it's hard to ignore the allure of political gossip; and, well, it *is* interesting. I mean, *have* you heard the latest about the Peter Bourne story? That the White House—or is it the Drug Enforcement Administration?—has in hand a list of 37 Washington reporters who use cocaine? Now you know why the press so abruptly lost interest in the intriguing question of who, precisely, uses marijuana and cocaine among the White House staff. It seems there has been an unofficial "nonaggression pact" between media and government on this subject. It will be interesting indeed to see if the media prove to be sufficiently non-monolithic to break this pact.

It is clear that Carter has been considerably damaged by these revelations. The big problem with Jimmy and Rosalynn, I keep thinking, is that they are *so* anxious to prove they are sophisticates. If only they were content to be rednecks.

Being something of an assassinologist (which can be a full-time occupation in America), I have been following with interest the antics of the House Assassinations Committee and the various stories that have emanated from their offices. Particularly intriguing was the vast story about the Martin Luther King assassination that came out at the end of July in the *New York Times*, starting off with two columns on the front page and then covering most of an inside page. This story was "based on reporting" by no fewer than three of the *Times'* reporters, Nicholas Horrock, Anthony Marro, and Wendell Rawls, Jr. The impression left by such a story is inevitably that there has been some "significant breakthrough" in the case.

Reading it through, however, and reading two other follow-up stories by the same team in the next week, it became clearer and clearer that the *Times*men had essentially been "conned"—almost literally in this instance. The story concerned a man in St. Louis named Russell Byers who was reported to have claimed, in 1973, that two

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men offered him money to "arrange" the death of Dr. King. Both these men are now dead.

I worked as an investigator in a district attorney's office just long enough to learn that when one hears a report such as this, the first thing one begins to worry about is the "character" of the man making the claim. When I worked in the Orleans Parish D.A.'s office years ago, I became accustomed to reading letters from people who claimed to have important information about the assassination of President Kennedy. But in almost every instance further inquiry would reveal that these people were either in jail and wanted to get out, or were not in jail but were in imminent danger of going there. After all, a man who "reveals" something significant about the death of a beloved President may be able to "trade" this information with an ambitious D.A. who might be willing to drop some pending charge. Or he might be able to gain immunity, or protection from attack by others outside the law.

Therefore, I read the *New York Times* article with great curiosity as to this Byers from St. Louis. Who was he? I learned in the beginning of the second paragraph (prominently on page one) that he was—indeed, is—a "former auto parts dealer." But then, buried inside, I read that Byers "was implicated as a buyer of stolen goods in an investigation involving the theft last spring of a well-known Frederic Remington bronze sculpture, the 'Bronco Buster,' but prosecutors later dropped the charge." Then, oh dear, I also read that one of the two men who Byers said offered him money to kill King, a Mr. Kauffman, "was indicted and convicted [in 1967] on charges that he sold 100,000 amphetamine capsules to a federal narcotics agent." Kauffman's widow told the *Times* team that she thought Byers had fabricated the allegation about her husband "to help himself get out of the art case."

The *Times* team was impressed, however, by the fact that Byers mentioned this "contract" on King long before he was indicted in the theft of the sculpture. The question in my mind was: Had Byers been involved in prior dealings with the police? Had he been convicted before? I decided to check this with the St. Louis *Post-Dispatch*. Gerald Boyd, a reporter in their Washington office, told me that Byers "has a record of being arrested in several different cases but he was never convicted—supposedly he had ties with the FBI and the speculation is that that is why he wasn't convicted." Then I went to the *Post-Dispatch* office and read their clips on the story. Byers was described there as a "police character." In another story from that paper I read: "Authorities familiar with Byers described him as a middle man in criminal dealings and generally believed that he would not be approached as a hired killer." Then I spoke to Anthony Marro of the *Times*. "Byers apparently is a fence, a well-known fence in St. Louis," Marro said. "He did a lot of work as a go-between—on the periphery of criminal activity." Marro's impression was that Byers *had* been convicted of a federal crime. None of this, however, (apart from the art theft) appeared in the *Times* story.

Marro seemed to be much more interested in the fact that the story had supposedly "embarrassed" the FBI. In 1973 Byers mentioned the "contract" on King to an FBI informer. This informer, Marro said, "told his case agent what Byers had told him. The case agent put the information in the Byers file, but never turned it over to the King investigation. Which was a gross violation!"

By the time the *NYT*'s second front-page story came out, in early August, the writers seemed to be aware that they were not making an important contribution to the King assassination inquiry, but they nevertheless had a new and delectable angle. "The case has become an embarrassment to the bureau because the Byers account was never pursued by the agency...." But if over the years the FBI had "dealings" with Byers, and knew that he was a "fence," it is perfectly possible that they never "pursued" his allegations because they knew how misleading they would prove to be.

I fear, however, that this consideration is not likely to appeal to *New York Times* reporters these days. For them, apparently, the thing to do is to go out and try to "embarrass" the FBI whenever possible. In the past decade many stories resembling the above have appeared in the *Village Voice*, and until recently the *Times* would have handled this story very, very gingerly, if at all. For unaccountable reasons, there has been a decline in the


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news judgment at the paper. (To its credit, the *Washington Post* saw through the story, all but ignoring it.)

The House Assassinations Committee, which has been "pursuing" the Byers story, almost certainly leaked it to the *Times*. If so, what did the committee hope to get out of it? A nice slice of publicity—perhaps enough to encourage the House Administration Subcommittee to approve the additional $790,000 which, two days after the *Times'* second front-page story, was requested to keep the investigation going a little longer. (The request was turned down.) The *Times* "embarrassed" the FBI, so everyone was happy, except perhaps the poor readers, who, with the *Times* now on strike, have no doubt turned with a sigh of relief to the *Village Voice* as an alternative.

To all those corporations, fire departments, university faculties, et cetera, who have been plagued by an "order" from the Equal Employment Opportunity Commission that they implement an "affirmative action" program, I hereby announce a simple solution, which I believe is legally watertight. A few months ago I had lunch with Mr. James Gleason, county executive of Montgomery County. In the course of telling me some of the difficulties involved in running a local government, he said that their police department had been sued by the EEOC because its percentage of black policemen was a point or two below the overall percentage of blacks in the county. I told Gleason that all he had to do was find half a dozen policemen (or however many were needed) who were prepared to *say* they were black. At that point he could write back to Eleanor Holmes Norton of the EEOC and "declare a victory." The requisite quota would be filled. Gleason looked at me rather dubiously, until I explained in further detail. Then he grinned.

Earlier on I had spent some rather fruitless hours in the Department of Housing and Urban Development's grim headquarters. One day I asked one of the HUD bigwigs how many blacks, whites, Asians, etc., they had working at HUD. He picked up a phone at his elbow and shot the question across to someone else. The man at the other end, Chester McGuire, an Assistant Secretary, came right back with the answer: 1,127 black males, 2,241 black females, 4,086 "non-minority" females, and so on.

I was impressed by this display, until on my way home I pondered this elementary question: How did they know how many blacks and whites they had? Civil service application forms do not query race. I called the Civil Service Commission and asked someone there how the various departments obtained this information. He told me that it was compiled by "visual survey." Now it is an interesting fact, and one that has scarcely, if at all, been reported in the press, that the federal government now employs people who go around peering into offices, counting up black and white faces. (I have no idea what they put down in the case of someone who has both black and white ancestry, such as the Secretary of HUD, Patricia Harris.)

The Civil Service man then told me that they soon *would* be asking for race on their application forms as they used to years ago. This might seem like a regressive step. Perhaps to ward off this impression, the man told me that the Civil Service Commission will accept "racial self-identification." This is the key point in my argument. People will be allowed to be whatever race they claim to be. There is no genetic test whereby blacks can unequivocally be distinguished from whites (as there is, of course, with men and women). Therefore, the only way "racial self-identification" could be challenged would be, again, by some kind of "visual survey." In a legalistic environment, this turns out to be indistinguishable from a "race review court," which, if used in connection with government hiring procedures, would be unpleasant enough to melt away most, if not all, support for affirmative action programs. The government has therefore presumably concluded, and no doubt wisely, that it must accept racial self-definition if there are not to be race review courts.

My point is that if one department of government (the Civil Service Commission) accepts racial self-identification, then presumably so must another (the Equal Employment Opportunity Commission). The problems of affirmative action programs disappear once this is perceived. Which is no doubt why James Gleason grinned. □

*John Nollson*

# *Taxes: A Historical Perspective*

The first person to notice that taxes were too high was an anonymous cave dweller in southern France. He flourished shortly before the withdrawal of the glaciers. On the wall of his cave appear two arrows, each pointing upward, though at different angles. Tax historians now refer to this as the Cro-Magnon Matrix, in honor of the food-gatherer who first noticed that taxes tend to rise.

Little progress was made until Greek times. Pericles the Younger, son of the better-known statesman and orator, discovered that taxes were too high. He formed a small consulting firm, Attic Analysis. He and his partners would go to the Agora at lunchtime to argue with Aristotle. Aristotle, still clinging to his notion of the golden mean, thought taxes were about right. Such was Aristotle's prestige that taxes remained high throughout medieval and Renaissance times, until the Enlightenment.

In Roman times, the collapse of the Republic had led to no end of fiscal disorder. Government spending continued to rise. This tendency was excoriated by the Roman economic theorist, Taxitus. It is to Taxitus that we owe the famous geometric representation of the tendency of taxes to treble—the Taxitus Trapezoid. Taxitus' achievements were all the more impressive in that he had to work with Roman numerals. Taxitus succeeded in getting himself elected Tribune, but was the victim of a murder plot engineered by his illegitimate son, known to history as Taxitus Minimus—to differentiate him from his more statist father.

The early Church Fathers were unanimously opposed to usury, so interest rates were low. Trade expanded, but defense expenditures rose to counter the Hun military build-up. There would have been double-digit inflation, except that Arabic numerals were still not in wide use and digits, as such, were unknown. Accordingly, IX-percent inflation was considered acceptable in those days.

Meanwhile, as St. Augustine pointed out, the City of God would operate on sound economic principles, characterized by moderate taxation and price stability (i.e., less than V-percent inflation per annum). The Church continued to make new converts, especially in Ireland, which had not yet become a tax haven for tax exiles. Arabic numerals remained unknown, so it was impossible to construct econometric models. The era is rightfully known as the Dark Ages.



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It was better in the Renaissance. Taxilio Reducio was then in his ascendency as fiscal advisor to the Doge of Venice. He hit upon the idea of tax deductions for charitable contributions, and the arts flourished. The Doge established the world's first sinking fund for the retirement of the public debt. So prosperous was Venice in those days that no one imagined that in a few centuries it would be necessary to create a fund to keep Venice from sinking.

It remained for René Descartes to link tax policy with ontology. "I pay, therefore I am," wrote the great French thinker. Thank God René had wit enough to invent analytic geometry! Without it, man could not draw graphs. But as soon as graphs could be drawn, the plight of the overtaxed citizenry became plain to see. It led to the first taxpayers' revolt, sometimes called the French Revolution. Its leader was Minimillian Taxpierre, who claimed to speak for all oppressed taxpierres.

The French Revolution was a hopeful sign, but things took a turn for the worse when an anarchistic left-winger in Germany thought up progressive tax rates. This was a natural outgrowth of Calvinist theology, best expressed by Taxel Grossenpaer's legendary inversion of the Cartesian theorem: "I have, therefore I pay." Grossenpaer stressed that there was no way out, a grim conclusion that gave rise to the famous emblem of the economics department of Goettingen University, "Taxel's Triangle." All of Bismarck's economic advisors studied there.

Bismarck would not have been able to lay the groundwork for World War I had he not set about to reduce the taxes of the average German. This point was wholly lost on British socialists, whose reputations were saved by the fortunate intervention of the Great Depression. A great debate ensued. Everyone agreed that no one had, therefore no one paid. But did that mean that no one was? Or was it the other way 'round?

Soon, people lost interest in paying taxes altogether, and government revenues declined. The trend was reversed in 1951 with the appearance of IRS pamphlet B74c218, "The Sensuous Taxpayer." A perennial best-seller since, "The Sensuous Taxpayer" paved the way for a whole series of bawdy, do-it-yourself tax guides. It is under the influence of these publications that the government's revenue curve has come to resemble a large breast.

Nonetheless, no one has learned anything from the history of Western civilization. Taxes are high, productivity declines, and government is bigger than ever. All I can say is that things were different when I was a boy. □

THE TALKIES
*by*
*Ben Yagoda*

# Woody Allen's Interiors

All of these things are said in Woody Allen's new movie, *Interiors*: "An enormous abyss opened up beneath our feet"; "I'm feeling good about myself"; "I suddenly became hyperaware of my body"; "I'm overwhelmed with feelings about life"; "Increasing thoughts about death just seemed to come over me...these feelings of futility in relation to my work. I can't seem to shake the real implications of dying...the intimacy of it embarrasses me"; "My own anger scares me"; "I feel a real need to express something, but I don't know what it is I want to express, or how to express it."

These cadences are familiar to readers and watchers of Allen's previous work: the pseudophilosophy that says nothing, the obsession with feelings (especially regarding death), the flat, literal language with psychoanalytic overtones—all have been exploited to unique comic effect in his films and parodies. In *The Allen Notebooks*, for example, we read: "Good Lord, why am I so guilty? Is it because I hated my father? Probably it was the veal-parmigian incident. Well, what *was* it doing in his wallet?" But *Interiors* is no comedy: Wait as we may for the gaglines, they never come. All of the above gems are solemnly uttered, accorded the utmost respect by writer/director Allen. The results make one wonder if he was really kidding before.

*Interiors* is about a wealthy New York family reminiscent of Salinger's Glasses, though brought up to date and deprived of their wit. There is an attorney (E.G. Marshall); his wife (Geraldine Page), a decorator whose craziness leads her to become his ex-wife; her replacement (Maureen Stapleton); three daughters (Chekhov? *Lear*?): a poetess (Diane Keaton), an actress/photographer/editor/copywriter (Marybeth Hurt), and another actress (Kristin Griffith); and finally, Keaton and Hurt's men, respectively a novelist (Richard Jordan) and a radical filmmaker (Sam Waterston). In the course of the film Stapleton tries to commit suicide twice (successfully the second time); Keaton struggles with writer's block and resents Hurt's relationship with Marshall; Jordan struggles with his drinking, his literary failure, and—in an embarrassing rape scene—his sister-in-law Griffith; Hurt agonizes over her career, gets pregnant to her dismay, and resents Keaton's relationship with Page.

If you think this sounds like a soap opera, you have put your finger on the pulse of the film. Not only does the plot consist of these pieces of melodrama, but it is advanced precisely in the manner of "Another World": People are forever exchanging cups of coffee and meaningful glances, there are awkward and sudden transitions between topics of soul-baring, and Keaton and Hurt are constantly being asked "How's Frederick?" and "How's Richard?" in a feeble attempt to keep things moving. Perhaps most important, all of the feeling is unearned: Since the film has no conception of life outside the family, it has nothing to say about how or why the characters reached their present pass, and uncritically accepts their solipsism.

On the whole, a soap would be pre-

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ferred, but there are compensations in *Interiors*. Except for Griffith, whose Hollywood High inflections are all wrong for a New Yorker, the actors are creditable or better. Page gives a harrowing portrait of a woman on the edge, and Stapleton, as the "vulgarian," lends the film its only spark of life. The climactic sequence—Page's suicide—is dramatic and moving, mostly because something is finally happening. And Gordon Willis' cinematography, combined with the production design of Mel Bourne, is exquisite.

One wonders why Woody Allen chose to make his first non-comedy so relentlessly humorless. It's obvious from the interviews he's given in the last few years that he doesn't like being stuck in the image of funnyman, and this portentous film could be his revenge. Perhaps, too, he felt that what he had to say was too important to joke about. If so, he was wrong. For all its allusions to Bergman and Chekhov, its highfalutin talk, its rampaging angst, *Interiors* is an empty film. There is the germ of an idea—the contrast between the order of the family's life before Page lost control and the disorder of their present plight (represented by recurring shots of the raging ocean)—but it never grows into something more. The rest is gratuitous words, words, words—or, as Jordan says of a novel he's reviewed, form without any content. □

BOOK REVIEW

*Samuel Johnson*

W. Jackson Bate / Harcourt, Brace, Jovanovich / $19.95

Christopher Booker

The sport of climbing Everest has become so popular these days, we are told, that to forestall overcrowding on the South Col it is necessary to book one's place in the queue several years in advance. Similar precautions may soon have to be taken in respect to the writing of lives of Samuel Johnson, the most traversed mountain in literature. In the past few years alone, we have seen John Wain, Christopher Hibbert, and Peter Quennell all clambering round this same mighty, well-trod rock. Their books have all been respectfully received, without exactly setting the Thames alight or persuading us that we now have such an entirely new perspective on the great Doctor that we shall never see him in quite the same light again.

In recent months, however, the reception accorded on both sides of the Atlantic to the vast new 640-page life of Johnson by Professor W. Jackson Bate of Harvard has held out the promise that this time things really may be different. Do such eulogies as that of Robert Penn Warren ("bids fair to be unsurpassed by any biography of our time") justify Bate's own claim of Johnson that "it is only within our own generation that we have at last begun to discover his real greatness"? Has Bate really found something new to say about Johnson? If so, then this is undoubtedly a major literary event.

My answer to that question, as will become clear in the course of this review, is mixed. Despite the fact that Prof. Bate has been lecturing on Johnson at Harvard for thirty years, has already written one book on the subject, and regards all the immense volume of work he has hitherto published as merely "a preparation for this biography," it is not an unalloyed triumph. It is at times pretty laborious. In places one feels, as one English reviewer has pointed out, that one is reading the notes for a book rather than the book itself. Nevertheless I do believe that today, thanks in part to Bate's efforts, we may stand on the edge of a radical reappraisal of Johnson—and above all that we may begin to understand why his almost timeless, legendary figure has such a peculiarly haunting appeal to our own confused times.

Let me begin with, as it were, the dispraise. Obviously by far the greatest obstacle in writing a full-scale chronological biography of Johnson—as opposed to a "study" or critical appraisal—is simply that so much of the story is familiar. It is true that four-fifths of Boswell's great biography deals with only the last twenty-one years of Johnson's life, and that the carefully composed sequence of immortal scenes, like a series of painted 18th-century "conversation pieces"—Johnson at the Thrales, Johnson at "the Club," Johnson at home with the curious *ménage* of down-and-outs he took under his protective wing—does leave an enormous amount of his life in shadow, or omitted altogether. But it remains that, in a full account of the life, the author inevitably has to deal with many scenes and episodes which Boswell has already described unforgettably. A mark of the difficulty this poses is that Bate so often has to refer to "the famous story" of this, or "the well-known episode" of that; and even when he does take the risk of covering the same narrative ground as Boswell, he often does so with an almost wearisome air, as can be seen from placing side by side these two descriptions of a comparatively trivial incident during the famous tour of Scotland in 1775. First, Bate:

> Leaving Inverness on horseback, they rode south along Loch Ness, and at one place saw an old woman at the door of a hut. Johnson wanted to see the inside of the hut, which was very primitive—a fire of peat, with smoke going out of a hole in the roof....Johnson, looking about the hut, asked where the old woman slept. When the guide translated this into Erse, she became very indignant. She thought this meant Johnson wanted to go to bed with her. So ludicrous a notion amused Johnson greatly. But he would not "hurt her delicacy" by enquiring further. However Boswell—his own curiosity now aroused—lit a piece of paper and poked his head into the place, behind a wicker partition, where she slept.

Compare this flat and, as it turns out, even slightly inaccurate retelling with the wit and delicacy of Boswell's original:

> When we had advanced a good way by the side of Lochness, I perceived a little hut, with an old-looking woman at the door of it. I thought here might be a scene which would amuse Dr. Johnson....'Let's go in" said he. We dismounted, and we and our guides entered the hut. It was a wretched little hovel of earth, I think, and for a window had only a small hole, which was stopped with a piece of earth, that was taken out occasionally to let in light. In the middle of the room or space...was a fire of peat, the smoke going out of a hole in the roof....
>
> Dr. Johnson was curious to know where she slept...she answered with a tone of emotion, saying...she was afraid *we* [my italics] wanted to go to bed with her. This *coquetry*, or whatever it may be called, of so wretched a being, was truly ludicrous. Dr. Johnson and I afterwards were merry upon it. I said it was he who alarmed the poor woman's virtue—"No, sir (said he), she'll say 'There came a wicked young fellow, a wild dog, who I believe would have ravished me, had there not been with him a grave old gentleman, who repressed him; but when he gets out of the sight of his tutor, I'll warrant you he'll spare no woman he meets, young or old.' " "No, sir (I replied), she'll say 'There was a terrible ruffian who would have forced me, had it not been for a civil young man who, I take it, was an angel sent from heaven to protect me.' "
>
> Dr. Johnson would not hurt her delicacy, by insisting on seeing her bedchamber, like Archer in *The Beaux Stratagem*. But my curiosity was more ardent; I lighted a piece of paper and went into the place where the bed was etc.

Nevertheless, there *is* much more to writing a life of Johnson these days than just rehashing Boswell. Indeed, for some forty years now, ever since Hugh Kings-

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mill's fascinating little anthology, *Johnson Without Boswell*, it is probably true to say that the chief driving force behind Johnson studies has been to show just how very different a figure emerges when the overpainting by Boswell is stripped away (a dissimilarity at times almost as great and shocking as the difference between those cozy, rubicund, 18th-century engravings of "Dictionary Johnson" and the famous Knole portrait by Reynolds, showing Johnson without his wig—a fierce, aquiline, tormented face of haunting power). Most important of all, perhaps, in building up our new and deeper view of Johnson has been the bringing into much sharper focus of the early part of his life—the sufferings of childhood and the long anguished years of drudgery and obscurity, which only really began to come to an end with the publication of the Dictionary in 1755, when Johnson was already in his forty-sixth year. And it is in his picture of those crucial early decades that Professor Bate's exhaustive familiarity with the subject first strikes gold.

What emerges with unprecedented force from these earlier chapters is a sense of the terrifying intensity of Johnson's lifelong inner struggle—from those infant years when scrofula left the ungainly little boy scarred, half-blind, and half-deaf. Johnson's father Michael, the bookseller, was an almost uncanny prevision of Hardy's Henchard in *The Mayor of Casterbridge*: a successful and popular sheriff of the little provincial town of Lichfield, who made so lavish an affair of the conventional inaugural party for his fellow citizens in the year of Johnson's birth that subsequent sheriffs could not afford to keep the tradition up—but who then fell on ever harder times, and into an ever blacker melancholy, until when Johnson was twenty-two, he died virtually bankrupt. From this background, Johnson's schooling was dominated by incredibly hard work, which eventually took him to Oxford, in the words of a Fellow of his college, "the best qualified for the University that he had ever known come there." But the shadows were gathering. When poverty perforce drove the young man down from Oxford without a degree, he entered on five years of a depression so suicidal and catatonic that he would sit staring for hours at the Lichfield town clock "without being able to tell the hour."

It was from these years that dated Johnson's remarkable mannerisms which were to astonish people for the rest of his life; as, for example, when Hogarth first saw him at Samuel Richardson's "shaking his head and rolling himself about in a strange, ridiculous manner." As countless others observed, his twitchings, scruffy appearance, dirty clothes, talking to himself, compulsive counting of paving stones and measuring out of the floor with his foot, must have made him one of the most strikingly eccentric great men in history. This was the man who was to convey to posterity an impression of almost unbearable suffering, as he toiled through the years of Grub Street hackwork, wandering the streets with his friend Richard Savage, often sleeping rough—the years of his extraordinary marriage to little Tetty, seventeen years older than he, the "little painted Poppet, full of Affectation and rural airs of Elegance," who in her later years "was always Drunk and reading Romances in her Bed, where she killed herself by taking Opium." This was the man, tortured and sexually frustrated, whose journal records an almost lifelong succession of vain resolutions, a pathetic determination to mend his ways, not to be slothful, to get up early, to say his prayers, to fight against "idleness, vain terrors, loose thoughts," which was to continue to the very year of his death.

Yet this is the same man who Fanny Burney said "had more fun...and love of nonsense about him than anybody I ever knew"; the man who escaped from his

horrendous physical, mental, and spiritual agonies by turning himself into one of the funniest and most gregarious talkers of all time; a man who, at the age of forty-nine, was challenging Vansittart to climb over a high wall with him after a convivial evening at All Souls; who, when visiting Devon with Joshua Reynolds in his fifties, said to a pretty young girl at a fashionable garden party, "Madam, you cannot outrun men," and, kicking off slippers "much too small for his feet," proceeded to "leave the lady far behind him," leading her back by the hand with "looks of exultation and high delight"; and who, on a famous occasion even later still, when aroused by the steepness of a hill in Derbyshire, emptied his pockets and rolled down, "turning himself over and over until he came to the bottom."

To contemplate the constant battle that must have been involved in winning such high spirits from such a sea of inner darkness fills one with awe. And I must confess that Professor Bate's somewhat turgid attempt to dress up this struggle with psychoanalytic jargon about the conflict between Johnson's "super-ego" and his "ego" is at times downright embarrassing. He is simply not equipped to give us a proper psychoanalytic account of Johnson's manic-depressive condition—just as another of his attempts at a psychological theme, his presentation of Cornelius Ford and Gilbert Walmsley (two strong influences on Johnson in adolescence) as "role models," is pressed much too far, as though he were desperate to tell us, "Look, I have found something new."

Yet it remains that Professor Bate does put his finger firmly on the most important psychological fact about Johnson; that which, despite all the stuff about the "super-ego," not only gives us the most revealing historical perspective on Johnson, but is the real reason why (quite apart from the wit and the majestic splendor of the best of his writings) we find him so strangely haunting a figure in our own time. And that is the fact that, from his earliest years, Johnson is determined never to *externalize* the cause of his sufferings. From the moment when old Dame Oliver finds him crawling across the street at the age of three or four, and the half-blind little boy brusquely brushes away her offers of assistance, Johnson is determined to fight out the great battle of life inside himself.

It was out of the agony of this lifelong struggle that Johnson won what was to be the very cornerstone of his moral outlook on the world—his conviction that it is within each of us that the real struggle of our lives is decided. This was the man who wrote:

> How small of all that human hearts endure
> That part which laws or kings can cause or cure.
> Still to ourselves in every place consign'd,
> Our own felicity we make or find.

This was the man who said, "most schemes of political improvement are very laughable things"; and "I would not give half a guinea to live under one form of government or another; it is of no moment to the happiness of an individual."

It was Johnson's ruthless honesty, born out of self-knowledge, which led him to such an awareness of our proneness, as human beings, to indulge in the wishful thinking and fantasies which are merely futile and temporary diversions from the true cause of our distempers and frustrations. No one has ever been so fiercely realistic about our human capacity for self-deception: "Sir, are you so grossly ignorant of human nature, not to know that a man may be very sincere in good principles without having good practice?"; "Ye who listen with credulity to the whispers of fancy, and pursue with eagerness the phantoms of hope, who expect that age will perform the promises of youth and that the deficiencies of the present day will be supplied by the morrow, attend to the history of Rasselas, Prince of Abyssinia." →



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Now, not the least remarkable thing to consider about this fearsome sense of realism is the time when Johnson was alive. Only a year before the meeting with Boswell, Rousseau had published his *Social Contract*. Four years before Johnson's death, Jeremy Bentham wrote his *Principles of Morals and Legislation* (which was eventually to be published in that momentous year, 1789). On the eve of the French Revolution and the age of Romanticism, European civilization stood on the verge of one of the most astonishing and fundamental shifts in collective consciousness in history—the keynote of which was to be an almost exact reversal of every truth about human nature and experience which Johnson had fought through to with such remorseless honesty and pain. In Rousseau and Bentham (indeed, even implicitly in the Declaration of Independence), it was proclaimed that human happiness *could* be achieved by political means, that the causes of most human ills did not lie within us, but outside us. If there was one belief which was to characterize western civilization with ever increasing force from the time Johnson passed away, it was that most human suffering is caused by external factors. In Marx, in Freud, in almost every philosopher and thinker who has shaped western attitudes over the past two hundred years (with one or two towering exceptions, such as Dostoevsky), we find this same overpowering drive to offload the blame for all our guilt, our pain, onto others, onto society, onto our parents, onto political structures, onto our material circumstances. In the age of Rousseau ("a rascal who ought to be hunted out of society") and Voltaire ("Why, Sir, it is difficult to settle the proportion of iniquity between them"), Johnson stood in precise and mighty opposition to a tendency which was about to sweep the world on a scale such as he would never have conceived possible.

As one contemplates this half-deaf, irritable, tortured, intensely moral figure, his sufferings shot through with rough humor, with his often rather pathetic attempts at loving kindness, and above all his supreme conviction that ultimately man has to fight the only battles which count within himself, one may be reminded of another giant of that time who went on even more gloriously to give the lie in the name of an ultimate sense of reality to all the immature fantasies of his age. Ludwig van Beethoven was only fourteen when Johnson died, but over the next forty years he was to live out an inner life in many ways astonishingly similar to Johnson's, except that his music has filled civilization with an even greater wonder and awe than it was given even Johnson to inspire.

When the lesser men of these past two centuries have died—the Napoleons, the Hitlers—they have left behind (because they externalized their battles) only a dark, mysterious void. The only way a man can rise to truly superhuman size is through the battle within, to find his true, inner self. That is why, when Johnson died, so great was the pulse of vitality which flowed through him, those who were left were stunned. In the famous words of William Gerard Hamilton on that day, "He has made a chasm, which not only nothing can fill up, but which nothing has a tendency to fill up. Johnson is dead. Let us go to the next best—there is nobody." It is my final tribute to Professor Bate's account of this stupendous man that, when I read the pages describing his death, a tear came into my eye. I knew again what Gorky meant when he said of Tolstoy, "I am not an orphan on this earth so long as this man lives on it." Obviously, behind all the plod and repetition of his prose, it was really this which inspired Bate too, as when he argues in his introduction that, at the very deepest level, we respond to the life of Johnson because it is like a parable of what all our lives might be: the story of a man who, by courage, by laughter, and against seemingly insuperable odds, finally wins through to that "triumph of honesty to experience that all of us prize"—perhaps the only prize worth winning on this earth. □

BOOK REVIEW

*Government By Judiciary: The Transformation of the Fourteenth Amendment*
Raoul Berger / Harvard University Press / $15.00

Stephen B. Kanner

For decades the conservative press attacked the decisions of the Warren Court, but in the past few years the tide has turned. The anti-Court literature now appears in the pages of the *Nation, Saturday Review*, and the *New Republic*, excoriating the Court for getting tough with criminals, restricting forced busing, and denying access to federal courts. Yet, despite this shift, the terms of the debate still derive from the fifteen years of the Warren Court and the liberalizing influence of the legal academic community: For both liberals and conservatives assume the Court should be judged by the policy implications of its decisions; and both sides rarely stop to consider whether their preoccupation with results can be harmonized with the Court's alleged function—to enforce the Constitution, to announce the pre-existing law.

In his latest book, Raoul Berger attempts to reclaim the terms of this debate. A single-minded attack upon the leading constitutional decisions of the past thirty years, *Government By Judiciary* compels us—particularly those of us who accept any of those decisions—to examine the central question: How should the Supreme Court interpret the Constitution?

According to Berger, the Court should look to the text of the Constitution and the record of the Convention or Congress which proposed it, ascertain the "original intention," and enforce it. But Berger defines the original intention much more narrowly than other strict constructionists. The Court is to be bound, not only by the general principles expressed in constitutional provisions, but also by the specific applications of those principles as intended by the framers. Needless to say, this procedure would invalidate the decisions on school desegregation, reapportionment, and the rights of criminal suspects that are the legacy of the modern Supreme Court.

Berger's approach—what Philip Kurland calls the "Delphic Oracle" view of the Court as expositor of pre-existing law—contrasts sharply with the "Platonic Guardian" view. Under the latter, the Court uses ambiguous terms in the Constitution—due process, equal protection—as convenient touchstones to invoke and legitimize "basic shared national values," the "felt necessities of the time," or concepts of "fundamental fairness." The Constitution is thought to be sufficiently unspecific to permit the judiciary to elucidate changes over time in the content of basic rights. In this pursuit, the Court often ignores what the framers intended or even twists their meaning through inaccurate and casual history. Consider the constitutional grounding the Court provides for its "right to travel": "the Court has no occasion to ascribe the source of this right to...a particular constitutional provision"; or consider the Court's constitutional basis

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for its abortion decisions: "This right of privacy, whether it be found in the Fourteenth Amendment's concept of personal liberty and restrictions upon state action, as we feel it is, or as the District Court determined, in the Ninth Amendment's reservation of rights to the people, is broad enough to encompass a woman's decision whether or not to terminate her pregnancy."

Contrary to a widespread opinion, the supremacy of this approach is not the work of the Warren Court. Its history can be traced to the English natural-law tradition, evidenced in decisions as early as the seventeenth century. One version—the theory of "substantive due process"—dominated constitutional decisionmaking from the late nineteenth century until the New Deal. Seeking to protect "liberty of contract," the Court struck down dozens of legislative schemes for regulation of hours, wages, child labor, working conditions, etc. This constitutionalization of laissez-faire economics ended with a change in Court membership following FDR's Court-packing attempt in 1937.

It was not long before our modern version appeared. This theory of a "living constitution" was wiser and more politic. Under the influence of the philosophy of legal realism, associated primarily with Yale Law School in the interwar period, the Court became increasingly sensitive to public opinion, giving weight to the "success" of its decisions as measured by their effects upon government and society and by popular acceptance. The Court's creative energies turned to civil liberties, and scholars soon began to justify its newfound activism. But if the Court no longer attempted to impose Herbert Spencer's economics upon a society drifting toward socialism, its decisions still rested on extra-constitutional values.

Berger illustrates the gap between the original intention and current constitutional doctrine in his careful analysis of the passage of the Fourteenth Amendment. That amendment provides, in part, that "No State shall make or enforce any law which shall abridge the privileges or immunities of citizens of the United States; nor shall any State deprive any person of life, liberty, or property without due process of law; nor deny to any person within its jurisdiction the equal protection of the laws." Berger demonstrates that most of the key congressmen who sponsored the amendment, and the nonradicals in the 39th Congress who passed it, intended to leave matters of suffrage entirely to the states. It is, Berger concludes, as if the amendment expressly stated that "control of suffrage shall be left to the states." Thus the source of the one man-one vote decision which required massive reapportionment of state legislatures lies in the values of the justices, not in the Constitution. Nor was school desegregation an object of the amendment: The same Congress that passed the amendment countenanced segregated schools in the District of Columbia, and most of the ratifying states maintained segregated schools. The Fourteenth Amendment emerges from Berger's analysis as a half-hearted compromise, giving some but not much protection to blacks, just what the historian might expect from a North which had freed the slaves but still despised them. The statement of one leading constitutional scholar, that the amendment embraces an "ideal of racial equality," is one the drafters would surely have choked on.

Is the gap between the Court's decisions and the original intention wrong? The threshold question is how we should go about choosing a method of interpretation. Berger invokes the words of the framers to show that *they* intended interpretation based narrowly upon their meaning. But on this point there is respectable opinion against Berger. Professor Thomas Grey of Stanford argues that the framers were imbued with natural-law philosophy—specifically, the notion of a higher law protecting certain natural rights and having precedence over mere positive law. Under this view, the Constitution codifies some of those rights but can never completely embody the higher law. According to Grey, the Ninth Amendment ("The enumeration in the Constitution, of certain rights, shall not be construed to deny or disparage others retained by the people") could mean that there remain "unwritten but still binding principles of higher law." Similarly, Walter Berns and Irving Kristol have argued that the Founding Fathers had a clear conception of certain essential prerequisites for the successful functioning of the Republic—primarily a moral, vigilant citizenry. In *The First Amendment and the Future of American Democracy*, Berns demonstrated the importance of such a democratic theory in the framing of the Constitution, and criticizes decisions dealing with regulation of speech, press, and church-state relations for their abandonment of the broader philosophical basis of the First Amendment.

From this perspective, it is wrong to seek a tight fit between the Court's decisions and the words of the Constitution detached from any philosophical or moral underpinnings. Yet, whatever the merit of these historical arguments, it is ultimately circular to justify the primacy of the framers' intent—natural law or literalism—by quoting the intent of the framers.

Once this is recognized, Berger's book begins to disintegrate. His strength lies in meticulous historical research. (That research—and phenomenal good timing—are what made his two previous works on impeachment and executive privilege so significant.) But he never really confronts alternative models of interpretation. Rather, he sets up straw men—key quotations


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alleged to justify the theories he opposes—and proceeds to demolish them. Equally crucial, he devotes ten meager pages out of four hundred to tell us "Why the Original Intention?" and his reasoning in that chapter is frustrating. We are told that the Court itself has never abandoned its insistence upon original intention; and that in many controversies both sides claim to uphold it. But this proves only that original intent is so difficult to ascertain as to be of little use (true in many cases), or that the Court continues to disguise what it is really doing. In either case, a frank recognition and acceptance of the Court's implementation of values is as likely a remedy as is a renewed search for intent.

Next Berger tells us that "effectuation of the draftsman's intention is a long-standing rule of interpretation in the construction of all documents—wills, contracts, statutes." (And an 18th-century textbook which states this rule proves that the framers agreed!) Yet, although freedom from the "dead hand of the past" is a straw man Berger often rails at, the common law itself provided elaborate rules to limit the time after death during which an individual may control the disposition and use of his property. More importantly, the analogy is irrelevant; Berger never seems to recognize the enormous differences among statute, will, and constitution, in terms of the objects and numbers of people affected and the time period in which the document is to function.

Berger would impose on us a governmental automatism—"value-free" decisionmaking in which the answers to today's questions are found in the historical record. Yet he curiously refuses to reverse the leading decisions of the past thirty years, thereby making a judgment about morality or political wisdom which overrides his constitutional autopilot. It would be "utterly unrealistic and probably impossible to undo the past in the face of the expectations that the segregation decisions, for example, have aroused in our black citizenry—expectations confirmed by every decent instinct." To follow Berger's reasoning, however, there is no room in constitutional adjudication for decency or any thought of the social implications of a decision. Before adopting his approach, and overturning our long-standing practices, we may rightfully demand an explanation of the advantages to society of having adopted it a century or thirty years ago.

Almost in passing, Berger admits this need for some type of moral or pragmatic justification. Literal interpretation, we are told, is the best method of preventing tyranny and maintaining stable government. This is just what the inquiry must be. As Robert Cover has written, the method of interpretation we choose

> constitutes a judgment about our political present and future and about alternative theories of judicial activity which will best serve it....It is for us, not the framers, to decide whether the end of liberty is best served by entrusting to judges a major role in defining our governing political ideas and in measuring the activity of the primary actors in majoritarian politics against that ideology.

Arguably the Constitution has survived because men practical and wise have not neglected the moral and political implications of their decisions. Neither judiciary, legislature, nor executive have ever followed Berger's literalist approach to the Constitution; and over the years, the decisions of the Court have not favored any one ideological position. More importantly, structural reasons which did not exist in 1789 or 1866 now support a judiciary which is activist on certain fronts. The growth in the size and power of the federal judiciary is in part a response to the growth in the other branches of government; Berger's approach would benefit those branches of government or forces in society currently counterposed to the Court's power. The Court is today the last bulwark of the federal system and defender of the rightful prerogatives of citizens acting through their state governments and courts, in an age when "matching grants" and federal welfare turn states and people into dependent clients of federal regulators. And Watergate reminds us of the role of the Court in restraining an increasingly powerful executive.

The enormous growth of other branches of government should raise some doubt as to whether liberty is best served by extending the protections of the Constitution only to those objects specifically referred to by the framers in the debates surrounding enactment. The fact that such literalism has never been the rule should cast doubt upon whether it could ever be implemented. Berger believes that by destroying the myth that the Court has merely acted to expound pre-existing law and by revealing its value-laden decisionmaking, its ways can be mended and the myth made a reality. Yet no matter how much we, like our chastened Court, may protest our obedience to the framers, our decision to adopt Berger's approach would be a decision by the current generation to favor certain values over others. Far better than starting the charade again, let us thank Berger and enter freely into the debate over values. □

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## BOOK REVIEW

*A Time for Truth*
William E. Simon / Reader's Digest Press / $12.50

J. Clayburn La Force

An instant best-seller, this book by former Treasury Secretary William Simon delivers a message of grave importance to the American public: We are losing our individual liberties to a newly-emerging authoritarian state. Though written with an urgency born of his extensive experience in the Nixon and Ford administrations, this is no simple diatribe against "Big Government." Rather, it is a sophisticated and reasoned analysis of how governmental interference is throttling our largely decentralized, private property-based economy and, in consequence, endangering our political and economic freedoms.

In Simon's view, what distinguishes capitalism from planned economies is, among other things, its complexity. Compared to the simple structure of the centrally-planned economy, ours is so complex as to be downright mysterious. Indeed, the economic interconnections among individuals and organizations, skills, knowledge, and products are beyond any individual's comprehension, let alone control.

Moreover, argues Simon, ours is not a deliberately constructed system, but a "spontaneous" social order that has evolved over centuries. It would be far beyond the capabilities of the human mind to "create" the free enterprise economy by putting individual men and women in their places and instructing each what to do and when to do it. Man can indeed "create" an economic system, but because of his intellectual limitations it would be a nightmare of centralization providing a stark and tyrannical social and economic existence.

In contrast, American capitalism permits a relatively rich existence—and a degree of individual liberty unmatched by any other economic system. In Simon's words:

> The single most awe-inspiring thing about our

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economic system lies in what is *absent*, what is *not* perceived by the naked eye. It is the fact that the flood of wealth emerges from the lack of any direction of the economic process, from the lack of government control, from the lack of state-imposed or "national" purposes and goals. The capitalist miracle occurred in the United States, the politically freest nation in the world, precisely because this explosion of wealth is uniquely a result of *individual liberty*. That is the true defense of capitalism.

But that very system, which has allowed the highest standard of living in history, is now threatened with extinction. The political leaders in the United States have become convinced that government is able to conduct and control economic activity better than the prices of competitive markets. They uphold the ideals of the mixed economy, "of the free market *and* a planned economy, of individual liberty from government coercion *and* government control over individual life." As a result, "the American political language has become paralyzed by those conflicting assignments."

Collectivism, planning, governmental coercion are slowly coming to dominate our leadership with disastrous consequences for our standard of living and our tradition of personal freedom. Simon illustrates, by describing his experiences as energy czar, the dynamics of this process: Government gains control of production and causes artificial shortages, which create economic and political crises that "require" more government control.

From his tenure as Secretary of the Treasury, Simon provides more evidence to show how government intervention is undermining our economy and social structure, again laying out the unsavory dynamics: The government runs a large deficit to finance schemes for redistributing wealth from producers to nonproducers; to finance those deficits, the government creates new money rather than raise taxes; inflation is a direct consequence, but the government diverts attention from its actions by blaming the greed of corporations and unions; inflation creates political crises and government "comes to the rescue" with wage and price controls.

While Secretary of the Treasury, Simon was thrust into the maelstrom created by the financial collapse of New York City. In an enlightening and personal chapter, he describes the reasons for the collapse, and its aftermath, as well as his role in attempting to resolve the political and financial dilemmas it created. What Simon describes is a "disaster in microcosm"—a preview of what potentially is in store for the nation:

> If New York were a discrete political entity, disconnected from America and committing suicide in a unique way, it would be sad but not frightening. But it is frightening, for New York is not disconnected from America. It is America's premier city and its intellectual headquarters. The philosophy, the illusions, the pretentions, and the rationalizations which guide New York City are those which guide the entire country. What is happening to New York, therefore, is overwhelmingly important to all Americans....

As destructive as the financial malfeasance of government is, however, it lacks the pervasiveness of the new regulation. The taxing, borrowing, and spending activities of our leadership are impersonal and distant in contrast to the intrusive operations of the "regulators." Using incomprehensible and contradictory rules, these bureaucrats

> simultaneously function as investigators, detectives, policemen, prosecutors, judges, and juries. They often apply their rulings retroactively. And it is commonplace that they hold businessmen guilty until proved innocent. In these ways they replicate the operating principles of totalitarian "justice"...[businessmen] are almost entirely at the mercy of an economic police state buried in the very heart of American government.

But as Simon condemns the bureaucracy for its authoritarian behavior, so he also scorches the business community for seeking special privileges from government and then failing to defend itself when attacked by that same government: "The one crime of businessmen as a group... which I condemn profoundly, is that business, on the whole, has been gripped by cowardly silence in the face of this consistent violation of its liberties and interests. It is its final, and possibly its worst, betrayal of the free enterprise system."

Persistently attacked by a new brand of egalitarians, inadequately defended by businessmen, and generally misunderstood by the public, capitalism is falling victim to government:

> ...we see: (1)...the arbitrary assaults on business and the slow destruction of our productive system....(2)...the redistribution of increasing amounts of wealth to a combined clientele of the acutely needy and a growing portion of the middle class. (3)...the tax burden growing steadily to finance the redistribution process. (4)...an abyss of government debt piled on debt....(5)...a commitment to a vast network of lifelong pensions to government employees and others in the middle-class populace. *We see something eerily similar to the fiscal pattern of New York City.*

If the destructive dynamics of government intervention are to be halted, what must we do? Quoting Edmund Burke—"All that is necessary for evil to triumph is for good men to do nothing"—Simon sets forth his prescription in his final chapter, "The Road to Liberty." Rather than a plethora of technocratic manipulations at the margin, what is required is a set of "broad guiding principles" which, if adopted, will enable capitalism to flourish by reducing the coercive influence of the state.

But how does one overcome the fact that the dominant voice of the intellectuals is openly hostile to capitalism, indeed has spearheaded the successful strike force against it? Simon argues that an opposing "counterintelligentsia" must be created to formulate the requisite guiding principles. Let us hope that his own powerful voice is soon joined by others of equal conviction. □


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# CORRESPONDENCE

**Sick, Sick, Sick**

I refer to your editorial (June/July 1978) reprinted in the *Detroit News* on August 13, 1978, regarding Richard Nixon.

Please be informed that whether you know it or not, you are sick, sick, sick. I have read a number of anti-Nixon articles by you and your ilk, such as Sulzberger's *New York Times*, and Graham's *Washington Post* Rag, but you take the prize. Yours is the one most consumed with hatred and prejudice. Something bad must have happened to you many times over. Nobody could ever have written an article like that without ever having experienced something unimaginable. How the *Detroit News* even printed that article is more than I can imagine. They are now on my s--t list. I have informed them of my displeasure and I could not pass up the chance to let you know my most innermost thoughts.

You must really know that there are plenty of people like me who stand behind Richard Nixon and will get our revenge eventually. I will never pass up the opportunity of letting jerks like you know that there are still people like me. I really wish I could see you eye to eye and figure out why you are so hateful. Have you been analyzed?

*Mrs. Thomas McAllen*
*Novi, Michigan*

P.S. I have seen polls that think Mr. Nixon should come back and get this country on the map again as a great power.

*Dear Mrs. McAllen*:

After reading your letter, I am convinced that if he does come back you would make a swell Secretary of State. —RET

**History or Fiction?**

I have been away in England and France and have only just seen Eleanor Lansing Dulles' critique of my book, *Dulles: A Biography of Eleanor, Allen and John Foster Dulles and their Family Network* (June/July 1978).

Readers of that book will already know that I am a fervent and steadfast admirer of Ms. Dulles, but in her passionate and even desperate crusade to restore the tattered political reputation of her brother, Foster, she really should cease from turning it into a vendetta against me, and she should certainly not continue to make demonstrably false charges against me over my use of material from the John Foster Dulles Papers at Princeton.

Let me make it clear at once: All quotations from the JFD Papers used in my book were sent to those who made them for checking and correction, some repeatedly in the case of those who tardily replied; and in only two minor cases did I not get a reply at all. I cannot therefore understand how Ms. Dulles can write: "Some who were quoted by Mosley without their knowledge (John W. Hanes, William Macomber, Roderic L. O'Conner) have raised eyebrows; Foster's son, Avery Dulles, has written of 'dozens of errors.' "

In fact, Messrs. Hanes, Macomber, and O'Connor were included among all the rest to whom I submitted quotations for their correction and approval. Mr. Hanes wrote to me on October 4, 1977, saying, in part: "I am returning the 'Quotes' with certain corrections and deletions and am pleased to give you permission to publish them in your book." Mr. Macomber wrote me on November 15, 1977: "...I approve of your using the extracts from my oral history statement which you enclosed. I have made some minor editorial changes...." And Mr. O'Connor wrote on August 11, 1977: "I would be delighted to have you quote from my Oral History of my old chief....I have reviewed the various quotes you sent me and find them accurate to the best of my memory...."

As for Father Avery Dulles, S.J., he too wrote me, on May 11, 1977: "I received today the quotes from our interview which you are thinking of using. In recopying them I have somewhat improved the grammar, added very little, and omitted only the last one, since I do not think my political ideas in 1940 should be immortalized...." Of course, I too omitted the last quotation in my book.

The same thing happened when I submitted quotations to Mr. W. Averell Harriman, who wrote me on September 15, 1977: "I have no objections to your using my quotations about Dulles,...I regret, however, that I am unable to permit you to use the quotations...regarding President Eisenhower. I am sure you will understand my unwillingness to permit these very personal quotes to be used...." I therefore did not quote Mr. Harriman's remarks about the President. Nor did I use any other quotations from other oral histories when those who originally made them requested their deletion.

Typical of Ms. Dulles' method of attacking me and my book is her remark: "There are references to the 'Allen Dulles Papers' which, I am told by the librarians at Princeton, were not made available to Mosley." The only reference to the A.W. Dulles Princeton Papers in my book is in my acknowledgments, where I thank Mr. Lawrence Houston, former general counsel of the CIA, for "enabling me to gain access to the Allen Welsh Dulles Papers at Princeton." Mr. Houston wrote me on May 3, 1977: "I called Dr. Alexander P. Clark, the Curator of Manuscripts,...I told him that there was no reason from the point of view of our committee why you should not have access to Allen's papers if they could handle it as a practical matter."

He wrote me again on July 23, 1977: "As to Dr. Clark, Jeanie and I went up to Princeton last week (alas just before your letter arrived) to deposit the Wilson Papers which I believe I told you about. The library and particularly Dr. Clark's manuscript section are in total disarray due to the fact that several new large acquisitions have accelerated a much needed move into new space. While Allen's papers will probably stay with Foster's, they have had to make substantial adjustments to the latter including some additional indexing. As a result the work they had optimistically started on accessioning Allen's material has come to a full stop and will not be started up again for some time. This makes it difficult for them to find even a discrete file such as the Ciano one [which I had asked for—L.M.] may be and I think this is why you have not been answered. I'll ask the next time I'm in touch there."

By that time I had already discovered from CIA sources that, as I say on p. 500 of my book, "several of the more interesting portions of the Allen Dulles documents were extracted by the CIA before being released to his old college," and I decided to rely upon other sources for my AWD documentation. But I did think it right to acknowledge Mr. Houston's amiable efforts on my behalf.

Now let me deal with the incident described in Chapter One of my book, "Cradle Marks." This chapter includes a description of the birth of Allen Dulles, and how it was discovered that he had been born with a club foot. The baby's father, the Rev. Allen Macy Dulles, had the baby taken at once to a neighboring city for an operation, and only after it had been successfully performed was Allen baptized. Ms. Dulles says in her critique that this was "a minor episode" which I had "blown up." It might have been a minor episode, ***had not the Dulles family chosen to make it otherwise***. All immediate members of the family were pledged to secrecy and told never to reveal it to the outside world. Allen himself was solemnly told of his birthtime defect at the age of six, and it must have had a traumatic effect upon the imaginative child. It is significant that in later life, whenever he was under stress and had an attack of gout (he was a lifetime sufferer from gout), the pain always first struck him in the once malformed foot.

Now Ms. Dulles says of this incident: "The story could not originate, as Mosley claims, in 'sources close to the family.' Where it comes from is hard to imagine since it was not in the record." Under the circumstances, I feel I am justified in re-



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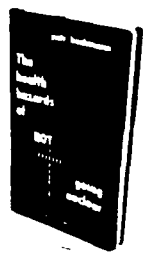

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vealing the source of this particular story. It was, in fact, told to me by Ms. Dulles herself and the tape and transcript of her remarks about it are available.

Ms. Dulles has dedicated herself to the task of defending her brother's reputation as a statesman at all costs, and I salute her for her loyalty. But that does not give her the right to twist or deliberately misinterpret my accounts of various phases of JFD's career. For example, she calls my description of his return to the State Department in 1950 "bizarre" and chides me for relying too heavily on the evidence of Lucius Battle who, she implies, was too young to have a balanced judgment. But Battle, as Dean Acheson's chief aide, was the prime mover in getting JFD into State as a bipartisan adviser and was a close observer of JFD's behavior throughout. Ms. Dulles says he was "a young man with no experience in politics." There are many who would disagree with that description of him, even in 1950. But when Battle remarked that he later wondered "whether I had given birth to a monster" by bringing JFD into the State Department, and when he added that "I felt that thanks to me, a man had been foisted onto the government who was a disaster for the United States," he was speaking, after deep reflection, 27 years later, in 1977. I might add that the transcript of this and other statements Mr. Battle made to me during a long conversation was sent to him for checking, corrected by him, and approved for publication.

Incidentally, some even more devastating comments about JFD's performance were made to me by Mr. Paul Nitze, and recorded in my book, but Ms. Dulles makes no mention of these. Might it be because Mr. Nitze, who was Dean Acheson's policy planning chief, can hardly be attacked as having "no experience in politics"? Again, Mr. Nitze's remarks were, I need hardly say, referred back and approved by him before I used them.

This letter has gone on long enough, and I hope I have demonstrated that my book, far from being the "fiction" Ms. Dulles claims it is, was meticulously researched, checked, and thought out. That Ms. Dulles objects to my opinion of her brothers is her right, and I respect her faithfulness to their memory. I would only add one more point. She particularly resents, it seems, my suggestion that a "family network" operated in Washington under Eisenhower when, simultaneously, Foster was Secretary of State, Allen was head of the CIA, and she ran the Berlin desk. All I can say is that, since my book about them has been published, the "family network" has (with two notable exceptions) certainly come into play in an effort to damn and denigrate it.

*Leonard Mosley*
*New York, New York*

*Miss Dulles replies*:

Contrary to what Leonard Mosley writes, I have never been "desperate to restore" any "tattered reputation," so I shall not quote further from my correspondence with Princeton, Dean Rusk, Arthur Dean, or others who have given me true statements.

Let the rumors blow in the wind. My further publications and recent additions to oral history are sources for serious students of past events. □

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EDITORIAL
(continued from page 4)

despite nearly constant harassment from the silent majority, the Chamber of Commerce, and all those petty people given to calling themselves "taxpaying Americans." The tawdry celebration of success, particularly financial success, has for decades been one of the less appealing aspects of American life, but the glorification of success by Washingtonians is a world removed from the bourgeois orgies of, say, the Rotary. In Washington one almost never mentions money, at least one never mentions the act of amassing money. Instead one celebrates the spending of it and that mysterious ontological state, fame.

At least since the palmy days of Camelot it has been an article of dogma in Washington that "the unpublicized life is not worth living," and so the giants are all in very thick with what the wretched Agnew was wont to call "the media." And why not? There are giants in the media too, and anyway one has to do one's part to keep the evening news interesting and the newsweeklies *au courant*. Hence the giants have sacrificed much of their own privacy to allow the camera just a peek. "Oh well," one hears a glum Professor Arthur Schlesinger, Jr., mutter as he drags his fully-clothed bulk from yet another Kennedy swimming pool, "if it will get decency and enlightened liberalism a favorable word in *Time* or a picture in *Town and Country*, it's worth it." Other occasions also receive the glare of publicity; nickle-dime charitable affairs at Hickory Hill, fund-raising dinners for various far-off, legal defense funds, and concerts at the famed Kennedy Center for the Performing Arts—one of America's few examples of Middle Mussolini architecture. Here the giants' perennial smiles are put to a most exacting trial, for there is something about an evening of Brahms or Schumann that apparently roils the bowels of a fundamental sap—"why does it have to be so loud?" I have actually been to the Kennedy Center during an evening of Beethoven and can personally testify to having heard the following observations: "Ethel, there was something chillingly Naziish about that piece...do you think Beethoven was very happy?...People didn't eat very well in those days."

Henry firmly believed—and with justification—that today in America one cannot get one's policies accepted without comforting these asses, and so he set out to conquer Georgetown. It was an audacious course, for the cachet of a Harvard prof loses everything when the prof is in the employment of the hellish Nixon—which Henry was. Yet in one of the quieter passages of his frequently quoted undergraduate thesis Henry had noted that: "Life involves suffering and transitoriness. No person can choose his age or the condition of his time....The generation of Buchenwald and the Siberian labor-camps cannot talk with the same optimism as its fathers. The bliss of Dante has been lost in our civilization." And so he trudged off to dinner at the Alsops, drinks at the Harrimans, and those intimate evenings with Barbara Howar. Perhaps these hours with Barbara were the cruelest of all. The North Vietnamese were then flummoxing his every scheme, the Soviets had him by the short hairs, the world seemed alive with protesting adolescents, and poor Henry had to spend whole evenings listening to a nincompoop talk of her mother. Nevertheless there was news value in these trysts, and, according to Henry's grand strategy, he needed the ink.

By day he goosestepped through the White House, the most obsequious flatterer ever imagined in this democratic Republic. Richard Nixon had never seen such violent devotion. They planned geopolitical strategy together, conceptualized together, tapped telephones together. In time they even prayed together. Yet by night he dined and disported with the giants of the town. For the giants these were frightening years. Nixon was in JFK's bathtub, he was populating Washington with what appeared to be Jaycees from some weird Midwestern state, and *Rolling Stone* had revealed that he planned to cancel the presidential elections, which meant the conventions too, and maybe even the inaugural ball. White House gossip had practically evaporated, there being few giants willing to claim a source in Nixon's administration, and the resulting sense of emptiness and powerlessness made their gatherings ever more subdued and melancholy. Into all this woe came Henry, amusing, stimulating, and now crucial. He kept the giants alive.

There they would sit in one of their glittering townhouses, a manse now made sad by the Nixon madness. Nervously they would exchange ominous morsels about the fiend's latest deviltry. Henry's arrival —always dramatically late—would send a rush of relief through the room. I can see him now centered in a halo of anxious faces. Solemnly he reports the day's geo-



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political developments, as mounds of canapes disappear into the undulating folds of his face. A hush of grandeur settles about the erstwhile prof as he heaves off sizzling *bons mots* and follows up with sobering Hegelian vaporings. An agitated Georgetown dowager reports her young nephew's most current judgment on the war. An intellectual fashion designer inquires about Nixon's mental health. And all the assembled geniuses bask in the realization that only in Washington is such a gathering of "the best, the truly best in every field" possible. Gad! How Henry's mind must have wandered. Surely there were times when, as the saps gibbered fervently, a lonely Dr. Kissinger entertained errant thoughts, quietly computing to himself how many quarts of cement might seal off his garrulous hostess' mouth or speculating on how often the mansion's

# THE LONELY VIGIL

OUR "ENLIGHTENED" CENTURY has reduced the flame of Western Civilization to the merest flicker. Those of us who, for various reasons, stand watch over that flame sometimes find ourselves overcome by the loneliness of the vigil. It is so much *easier*, after all, to join the crowd in the street and simply drift with the times.

Now, at last, there is a magazine that offers intellectual and moral support for the thousands of lonely watchmen across the land. **THE NEW AMERICAN REVIEW** is a bold young bimonthly journal of opinion that defies the prevailing winds and, if successful, could very well reverse the ominous trends of our time.

**THE NEW AMERICAN REVIEW**'s readers and contributors are a spirited conglomeration of crusty conservatives, classical liberals, Spenglerian doomsayers, country squires, educated paupers, humanists, humorists, "fed-up" middle-class taxpayers, earnest Grub Street toilers, aesthetes and decadents, stalwart Puritans, Thomist philosophers, neo-Augustans and other, less-classifiable, declaimers against the times.

We do not simply gnash our teeth and cry "O tempora! O mores!" (some of us don't even know Latin.) Rather we are bound together by an active dedication to the preservation of common sense, civilized standards, traditional values, and congenial virtues in an uncongenial age. We think our role as "keeper of the flame" is a rather heroic one for a magazine. We do not cater to the sleek, trendy, upwardly-mobile types courted by most "smart" magazines of our day. Our editorial policy is vigorously anti-chic. We have a ready eye for fashionable humbug, and we're not intimidated by it.

Neither is our journal limited in its scope. In each issue we focus upon a variety of fields, running the gamut from movies and television to literature, art, philosophy, international politics, and religion. We offer a refreshing respite from the repetitious, wrongheaded opinions of the critical establishment and the subtle tyranny of "liberal" punditry.

As one scribe has put it, "**The New American Review** fills a virtually empty niche between the glossy middlebrow magazines (*Saturday Review* & Co.) on the one hand, and the esoteric academic quarterlies on the other."

Our features can be enjoyed as well as pondered. Take, for instance, this sampling from recent issues:

- **THOMAS MOLNAR attacks the ugliness of the modern city.**
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chief domestic must needs inspect her mistress' bathroom for unflushed toilets. Considering the numbing hours Henry spent massaging such dreary oafs, it is amazing that he never became a drunk or a narcoleptic.

Instead he became Washington's premier attraction, and even out of office his mere presence can confer immortality upon a dinner party or an opening night. Yet, though cocktail parties are a crucial political arena in the higher reaches of modern America, they apparently do not loom so large internationally. Henry may have slayed those who write for the "Style" section of the *Washington Post*, but the North Vietnamese do not seem to have made cocktail parties a theater of operations. The Soviets, admittedly, are assiduous cocktail-party participants, but history has shown that for the loyal Soviet the cocktail party is merely an opportunity to get oneself raucously sozzled and one's capitalist guest sick. How much dreadful vodka poor Henry consumed while convincing the wary Bolsheviki of détente's benefits will remain a mystery until some scholarly prof undertakes the definitive biography; but no one capable of reading a newspaper in the late seventies can believe that the time Henry spent boozing with them sweetened them up. America has as many morons as the next country, but by the late 1970s only George McGovern remained adamantine in proclaiming the peaceful aspirations of Ivan the Terrible's heirs.

Détente came to be the centerpiece of Henry's foreign policy, and in humbug and hollowness it was perfectly tailored for the meaninglessness of the 1970s. Détente was catnip for the catnip-loving greats of the Washington Establishment; its sophistry and obfuscation were perfectly congenial to their insulationist mentality. But détente was raw meat for the Comrades, and its consequences must have made our Henry a stupendously derisory figure in their eyes.

The Comrades ignored Henry's understanding of détente from the start. As Henry understood it, Papa Brezhnev's first move would be to call off the North Vietnamese. In point of fact he energetically set about fortifying their arsenals. He then commenced the most massive military build-up of all time, and soon his colleagues were raising hell throughout Africa and the Middle East. In 1973 Brezhnev journeyed to Prague to assure an assemblage of Marxist-Leninist apes that "we are achieving with détente what our predecessors have been unable to achieve using the mailed fist." Full of progressive vision he went on to report that "we have been able to accomplish more in a short time with détente than was done for years pursuing a confrontation policy with NATO....Trust us, comrades, for by 1985, as a consequence of what we are now achieving with détente, we will have achieved most of our objectives in Western Europe. We will have consolidated our position. We will have improved our economy. And a decisive shift in the correlation of forces will be such that, come 1985, we will be able to extend our will wherever we need to." It was one of those historic moments that so easily lend themselves to willful misinterpretation by anti-Communist Neanderthals, and Henry must have winced. But only the *Boston Globe*, *National Review*, and *The American Spectator* reported the speech. Back in Washington it was cocktails as usual; détente had survived.

In terms of traditional American foreign policy goals of security and freedom of action, détente was a catastrophe, but in Henry's complicated political calculation it was a splendid triumph. By 1974 the Soviets' Cuban mercenaries were crawling all over Africa, but 1974 was also the year in which Henry was acclaimed "the greatest person in the world today" by the callipygian contestants of the Miss Universe Pageant. No Secretary of State has ever known such distinction.

The rapidity and thoroughness with which Henry was taken in by the mediocrity and bunkum of our Alexandrian Age should give every admirer of intellect cause for unease. Obviously Henry needed something more than intelligence and bromo-seltzer to become a modern Metternich. He needed sound character. Henry's admirers attempt to explain away his artifice and appeasement by reminding us of his belief in the decline of the West and his skepticism about the strengths and uses of democratic politics. I began as one of Henry's admirers, but as with so many other explanations for his behavior, these wither under scrutiny. The West may be in decline, but the East is in stagnation, and it is governed by large numbers of obvious meatheads. Anyway from July 1975 to February 1976 Henry was given a vivid demonstration of democracy's vitality when his own UN Ambassador roused Americans to resist the pecksniffery of the UN's tinpot despotisms. Henry had Mr. Moynihan fired, but by this time Mr. Moynihan could have run successfully for elected office from any of half a dozen states. Had Henry been a man of sound character he might have forthrightly taken his case to the citizenry beyond Washington, he might have resisted the corruptions of that Alexandrian stew along the Potomac, and he might have spared us his melodramatic bellowings and blubberings. But then, no one doubts that Alexander Solzhenitsyn is buoyed by strong character, and when he came to Washington not even Jerry Ford would dine with him. Had Dr. Kissinger come to Washington with the character of a Solzhenitsyn he might have starved to death. □


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# CURRENT WISDOM

### Congressional Record

The illustrious Mr. Fortney Stark, drunk and disorderly on the floor of the United States House of Representatives:

Mr. STARK. Mr. Speaker, I want to rise to commend Andrew Young for an honesty that this House and the other body could well emulate. There are, indeed, political prisoners in the United States—in the literal sense, as with the Wilmington Ten, who rest now in jail in North Carolina; and in the more prospective sense that over the rest of this year and next year there will be thousands of black, Hispanic, and other minority youths who will go to jail because we failed politically to provide them with the opportunities that they need for education and jobs and health.

It is our obsession with building weapons and our willingness to cut domestic, people-oriented programs that create the political prisoners that Andy Young was referring to.

If we can let a Nixon and a Kissinger and a Schlesinger and a Helms go untried for their lies to us concerning their murderous involvement in Vietnam, and yet prosecute and imprison people with Federal money for shoplifting and other silly violations, I think we have to recognize our political failing.

[*July 13, 1978*]

### Science News

Cultural developments from the socialist paradise:

Last fall a group of U.S. medical scientists stood in a courtyard in north China's Taihang Mountain Range and watched two schoolgirl sisters dramatize the early warning symptoms of a cancer prevalent in that area. One stanza of their singing skit, epidemiologist Chou-chik Ting of the National Cancer Institute recounts, went like this:

*Esophageal cancer must be thoroughly conquered.*
*The pernicious influence of the Gang of Four must be wiped out.*
*Putting prevention first is very important.*
*We prevent and treat cancer for the revolution.*

[*February 1978*]

### [Chicago] Sunday Sun-Times

Memorable moments from a very advanced and hygienic colloquy between Mr. Philip Nobile and Dr. Alayne Yates, authoress of the somewhat unappealingly titled tome, *Sex Without Shame*:

*Q. Doctors Spock and Ginnot, America's most renowned child-rearing experts, consider masturbation in kids as unhealthy. Apparently, you disagree.*

A. Absolutely. I think masturbation needs to be encouraged in children.

*Q. From what age?*

A. From the time the child demonstrates interest, which is very often in the first year of life. Masturbation is especially healthy because this is the initial experience of sexual pleasure. And if the child doesn't hook up pleasure and sex early on, then he or she may never do so. It's a natural assumption that a person who has positive sexual experiences as a child will enjoy sex later on.

*Q. Then you recommend parents encourage masturbation in their children?*

A. Yes. The first recommendation is not to turn a child away from masturbation. Few parents today will tell a child that his brain will rot out if he does this "nasty thing." But the most important point is to reinforce the child's positive feelings about touching himself or herself. Then they get the message that sex is good, which is exactly the message parents should be giving.

*Q. But won't encouraging sexual experimentation in the home lead to sibling incest?*

A. It might. But sibling incest is probably quite common already and relatively normal in families today. There's no evidence that this behavior causes abnormal emotional development. In fact, one research study indicates that brothers and sisters who have sex before puberty are less interested in each other after puberty.

*Q. When is the "right age" for kids to have intercourse?*

A. That differs from child to child, of course. I know a 4-year-old boy who had intercourse with a 6-year-old girl and neither seemed damaged by it.

[*May 21, 1978*]

### Ms.

An average supporter of the political ambitions of George McGovern speaks her mind in the incomparable correspondence section of *Ms.*:

I strongly object to the superficial, flippant tone of Lindsy Van Gelder's article, "Hot Off the Feminist Presses: New Journals" (November, 1977).

I was particularly upset at the misrepresentation of *WomanSpirit* magazine as some sort of voice for the lunatic feminist fringe. Such is not the case. In my close to three-year relationship with *WomanSpirit*, and Ruth and Jean Mountaingrove, its caretakers, I have found the magazine thought-provoking, inspirational, and comforting. My personal experience has been repeated for countless women nationwide.

The woman Van Gelder referred to as being a sort of final last straw is a personal friend of mine who does, indeed, converse with trees, and two in particular are her special friends. I have been known to talk with tree beings myself, and many other women I know also do so.

Any hope for a sane future that will lead us out of the mess we're in will lie in opening ourselves up with joy and understanding to the many other realities present in the universe. Talking with trees is but one way. Once we open ourselves to the knowledge of the life forms with which we share this planet, the old mind-think of patriarchal culture no longer holds as much power over us.

[*March 1978*]

### The Great Books Series

Proof of high intellectual attainment in Hollywood, California, as Mr. Orville Schell interviews Mr. Warren Beatty, metaphysician:

"Do you think that politics has just come down to people craving intriguing personalities?" I ask Beatty, elbowing my way in front of a woman photographer who has been more or less waiting in line, and thrusting my tape-recorder microphone before him.

"Umm. Well...You mean, Why do I like Jerry Brown? Well, umm...It's basically just a question of whether you think he is a good man or not, isn't it? And you draw these conclusions from a lot of things. In the long run what you're looking for in a politician is someone who's... you know...someone who's in the middle of his body."

*Brown*
by Orville Schell
[Random House]

### A Pamphlet From Our Government

Another eloquent and visionary pamphlet from the Department of Health, Education and Welfare—*Improving Equity in Postsecondary Education*, author anonymous—proffers an exciting vision for education. This one might be called the Noble Savage model:

Intergroup communication can also encourage relationships that build confidence and pride among women and minorities in their abilities and culturally diverse backgrounds and that foster the human-development definition of academic quality as the most an institution can do to help fully develop student potentials. Minority and women students can be seen as valuable educational resources. Instead, too often they are viewed as curiosities and placed in a setting where the objective is to mainstream the student out of his or her cultural background and into the dominant society and its values. Or they are seen as educationally disadvantaged and requiring of remediation for adequate performance within discipline areas. Both views are illustrative of a lack of intergroup communication and understanding and are destructive of the students' recognition of their own value to society.

[*December 1977*]

### Commonweal

Another historical meditation from Mr. Frank Getlein, who, incidentally, worries about the mental stability of many of our national leaders:

The blandness of the 1950s, so widely denounced in the 1960s, is an obvious response to the lesson of what happened to non-bland people in the purge. I would not suggest a cause and effect relationship, but it seems to me unavoidable that one, let us say, encouraging condition for the rise of abstract expressionism as a major American art form in the 1950s was the professional memory of the persecution of artists who painted or wrote works that by whatever strain of meaning could be called "Communist" by some kook or crook in the anti-Communist industry. Beyond the 1950s, of course, anti-Communism gave us the catastrophe of Vietnam, the tragic farce of Watergate. If there is indeed something that can be reasonably called "Koreagate," it, too, is the creature of American anti-Communism.

[*April 14, 1978*]

### The Washington Post

Miss Graciela Olivarez, director of our President's Community Services Administration, edifies an audience at the University of Notre Dame Law School:

We need more than an Environmental Protection Agency to protect the snail darter and environmental-impact statements to prevent pollution. We need human-impact statements to prevent further injury to the poor. The Community Services Administration is going to try to take on that job—to try to mobilize the community action agencies all over the country to at least bring a halt to regressive actions and policies....

Poverty is injustice. I don't mean that in the old bleeding-heart liberal sense. I mean poor people work like hell, and they are kept poor, they stay poor, and the system keeps them poor....This administration is rediscovering poverty, and as we do, we find it tangled in a web of laws which defies resolution....

[*June 9, 1978*]



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"...Buckley repeatedly argues not against redistribution but merely against...Federal administration of it; the matter, he says, is better left to the states. However valid this point...it's beside the essential point that redistribution, by whatever level of government, is counterproductive, that it makes the poor poorer." From *Voluntarism* by D.G. Lesvic, $5, Floringold Publications, Box 478, North Hollywood, Cal. 91603.

## PERSONALS

Attractive 26-year-old blonde female, looking for stimulating relationship (intellectual and ???) with skinny libertarian. Please write The American Spectator, Box V, P.O. Box 877, Bloomington, IN 47401.

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"BOYCOTT THE KGB'S OLYMPICS IN 1980" Bumper stickers at $1 each. Support the Cold War. The Saturday Evening Club, P.O. Box 877, Bloomington, IN 47401.

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# MONUMENTAL!
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Allen Weinstein, a ranking historian whose liberal credentials are in good order, set out almost a decade ago to dig into the Hiss case. He was sure he could prove Hiss innocent. He sued under the Freedom of Information Act, gained access to tens of thousands of FBI, CIA, OSS, State and Justice Department classified documents. Hiss even opened up his own files.

But a funny thing happened on the way to this book. Allen Weinstein found what he wasn't looking for. He found that Hiss was guilty.

To Mr. Weinstein's great credit, he followed where the truth led him. The result: as complete a record as we are ever likely to get. Weinstein interviewed more than eighty people—some half of whom had never before discussed their knowledge of Hiss, Chambers and The Case for publication: members of both families, famous names, even former and *present* Communists.

The book is a long one—and your interest won't flag even for a page. Even if you are a Hiss-Chambers buff...even if you have been through *Witness* and *Seeds of Treason* half a dozen times each, you will find this book rich in new revelations. A tiny sampling:

- The relationship of Chambers and Joe McCarthy.
- New light on the mysterious J. Peters—even an interview!
- Priscilla Hiss drops her guard—once, years later.
- Soviet ambassador puts in a good word for Alger.
- Was Chambers a true conservative? His own words. His position on *National Review*.
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- Chambers' *first* reason for quitting the Communist underground—omitted in *Witness*.
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- Was Hiss a spy years later, when he was high in the State Department? Important new clues.
- Chambers' "darkest personal secret," unknown even to his wife. How he managed to break the habit.
- What Chambers thought of Richard Nixon.
- Big-name Americans who rallied to Hiss—and some who refused to.
- Was Nixon as strong for Chambers as Chambers believed? Revealing new facts.
- The role of the FBI. Could they do the same today?

If this book were simply a major source of new information, it would command your attention. But it is much more. It is *fascinating* to read. Mr. Weinstein, a skilled writer, gives us a wealth of historical detail that brings alive the political Left in the Thirties and Forties; and a wealth of human detail too. Now we *know* the Hisses and the Chamberses, and their world.

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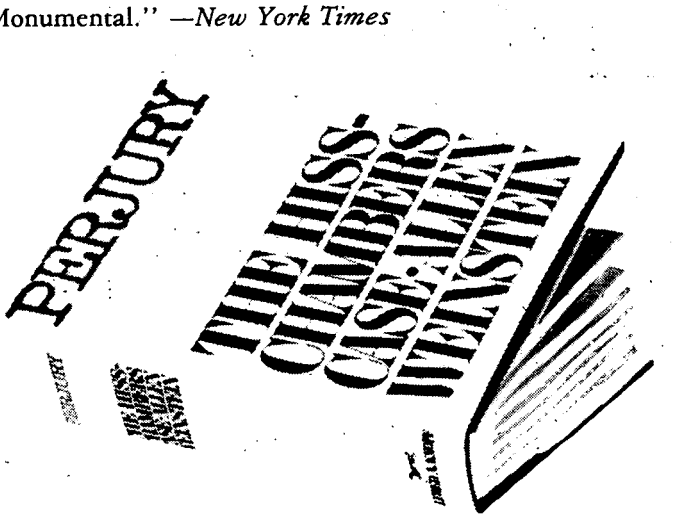
"Monumental." —*New York Times*

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# CAN YOU AFFORD NOT TO JOIN THE TAX REVOLT?

You've read a lot about the "taxpayers revolt." Citizens all over the country are angry over high taxes and wasteful government spending and are getting organized to fight them.

Why?

Because over the past ten years government spending and taxes at all levels—state, local and federal—have sky-rocketed. But government services have not improved. By and large, you get the same police and fire protection, and other services that you had ten years ago. But now you're paying twice as much. Some services—such as schools—are actually worse than they were 10 years ago, though they're now 2.6 times as expensive.

The evidence is overwhelming. **Higher taxes and more government spending do not provide citizens with better services.** You do not get better government. Just more expensive government.

In 1976, state, local and federal governments spend 626 billion dollars. That's 11,664 dollars for every four-member family in the country. And it's 2.8 times the amount government spent just ten years ago. You may think that government does not cost your family that much. But think again.

## THE HIDDEN COSTS

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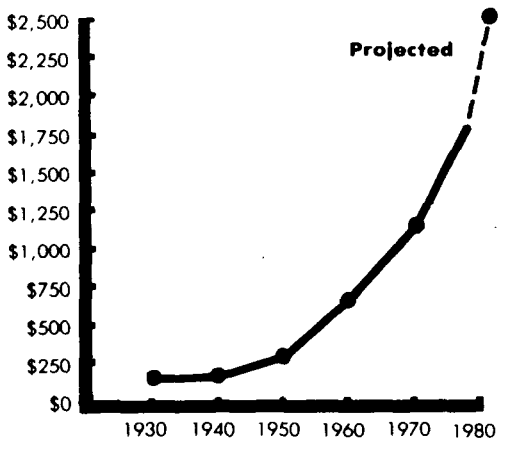
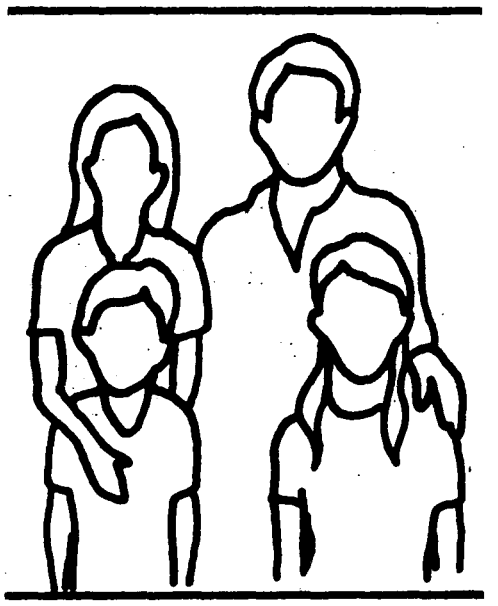



**GROWTH OF PER CAPITA TAXES: FEDERAL, STATE, AND LOCAL**



part of the selling price of everything you buy.

**Remember, all the costs of government are paid by the governed.** That means people. People like you and your family.

In addition, the Federal government's practice of spending more than you and your neighbors can afford is one of the prime causes of inflation. The government puts more money in circulation in order to pay its bills. The result is: your money is worth less. Inflation robs you of part of the value of every dollar you own and every dollar you earn. That's another cost of government. The costs of government are great and getting greater every day. The average taxpayer now works almost half the time to pay the direct and indirect cost of government.

The serfs in the Dark Ages only had to work a maximum of 25% for their lords and masters. Wouldn't you like to be at least as free as a serf?

## WHAT YOU CAN DO

The taxpayers movement is now underway. The victory on Proposition 13 in California was not just a landslide—it was a landmark. Like the Boston Tea Party, it represents the beginning of a long, long struggle to return control over government to the citizens who pay for it. You can help this movement succeed—if you are only willing to join with other concerned taxpayers who have decided to call a halt to government's reckless spending and increased taxation.

## HOW CAN YOU JOIN THE TAXPAYER'S MOVEMENT?

It's simple. And it won't cost you a great deal. Just 15¢—the price of a stamp. For just 15¢ you can fill out the coupon below and mail it to us. We'll give you the information you need to take an active role in the taxpayers movement. We'll tell you how you can lower your property taxes, and other taxes. And we'll give you the name of a local taxpayer group in your area.

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The National Taxpayers Union is a non-profit, non-partisan citizens organization. We have been working since 1969 to reduce government spending and cut back taxes. We now have more than 60,000 members and represent more than a million members of state and local taxpayer groups.

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